INSIDE: DARE YOU READ "THE CURSE OF THE TOMB"?

SMASH!

INCORPORATING FANTASTIC

No. 151
21st DEC. 1968
EVERY MONDAY
7d

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10d.
SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

THE SWOTS AND BLOTS

FULL OF THE JOYS OF LIFE, A HAPPY LITTLE SWOT HEADS FOR SCHOOL AND ANOTHER SCINTILLATING DAY'S EDUCATION!

WARBLE!

WHISTLE!

OH DEAR, ETCH!

COO! A LITTLE DICKIE BIRD! I LOVE LITTLE DICKIE BIRDS!

HEH! HEH! COME TO DADDY! DADDY'S GOT LOTS AND LOTS OF LUVVERLY BIRD SEED FOR YOU!

AAGH! IT'S HORRIBLE BILLY BLOT! HE'S NOBBLED ME!

SCOOP!

WAAAH! HELP! LEMME OUT! SQUAWK!

SHUT UP, IN THERE! SHUT UP OR YOU WON'T GET ANY BIRD SEED! HEH! HEH!

GREAT JUMPING JACKDAWS! THAT LITTLE FIEND IS KEEPING ONE OF OUR LITTLE FEATHERED FRIENDS A PRISONER IN THAT HORRIBLE CAGE!

SMASH'S TAME BIRD-LOVER OPENS HIS BEAK TO GIVE BILLY BLOT AN EARFUL!

COO! ANOTHER BIRDIE WANTS SOME BIRD SEED. HAVE A BEAKFUL, CHUM!

SQUAWK! GLUG! GLOOB!

LOOKS LIKE BEING ANOTHER EXCITING DAY. LIFE'S NEVER DULL ROUND HERE!

HELP! HELP! CALL HIM OFF! HE'S OFF HIS BLOOMING BONCE!

LOOK AFTER MY DICKIE BIRD FOR A TICK, TEACH. THIS LAD HERE HAS GOT TO DO SOME QUICK THINKING. GULP!

PROTEST, SIR, PROTEST! THAT'S OUR CYRIL IN THERE!

CRUNCH!

EEK!

OH, BELT UP! CAN'T A LAD GET PEACE TO HAVE FORTY WINKS!??

CONTINUED OVER PAGE →

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IT'S IN HERE SOMEWHERE. WE HAD IT LAST YEAR WHEN WE DID 'MOTHER GODSE'!
HOW ABOUT A DATE, GORGEOUS?
School Punto Costumes
HEH! HEH! HEH! OLD BIRD-BONCE WOULDN'T HARM A NICE LITTLE DICKIE BIRD. SNIGGER.
I WISH SOMEONE WOULD TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!
HOP!
WELL THEN—WHERE IS HE? WHERE IS THAT LITTLE FIEND WHO GOES ABOUT ANNOYING OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS?
THAT'S HIM, SIR! THAT'S HIM IN THE BIRD COSTUME! GIVE HIM ONE FOR ME.
AAAAGH! BETRAYED! BETRAYED BY THAT TWERP! I SHOULD HAVE STUFFED HIS CAKEHOLE FULL OF STALE BREADCRUMBS!
IF CYRIL HADN'T TOLD HIM I WOULD HAVE! SNIFF!
YOU WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SPEAK WITH MY FOOT IN YOUR MOUTH!
HEH-HEH-HEH! JUST AS WELL WE KEPT MOTHER GOOSE'S GOLDEN EGG AS WELL.
SPLAT!!
BOMP!
CRUMBS! THAT EGG MUST'VE BEEN ROTTEN! WE NICKED IT FROM THE SCHOOL MUSEUM AND IT HAD BEEN THERE FOR A COUPLE OF CENTURIES!
PUTRID PONG!
STENCH!
AAAAGH! I'M DYING—I'M DONE FOR—I'M DOOMED—I'M BEING STRANGLED TO DEATH BY THOSE FUMES! GASP! GASP! CHOKE!
WELL, I RECKON THAT'S ENOUGH OF THE DRAMATIC STUFF. OLD TEACH PROBABLY SWALLOWED THAT LOT HOOK, LINE AND SINKER. HEH-HEH-HEH!
WINK!
AIR-AIR—I MUST HAVE AIR! GASP! GASP! SNIGGER!
TALLY-HO! WE'RE SUFFOCATING, TOO! HEAD FOR THE HILLS! HEH! HEH!
NIFF! PONG!
ZOOM!
TEE-HEE! THAT'S WORSE THAN FREDDIE'S SOCKS! LET'S GO!
COME BACK, SOMEONE STOP THESE TWERPS!
GRRR! THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT, YOU BIRD-BONCED BOBO! ALL THAT LOT EVER NEEDS IS THE SLIGHTEST EXCUSE TO HOP IT—AND YOU'VE GIVEN IT TO THEM!!!
ER—M-M-MY F-F-FAULT??? G-G-GULP!!!
BANZAI! YOU'LL WISH YOU'D TAUGHT YOURSELF TO FLY IF I EVER CATCH UP WITH YOU!
COO! THE BRAINS OF THE OUTFIT DIDN'T STAY LONG THIS MORNING, DID HE?
SOCIETY TO AID NUTCASES!
HELP! SEND FOR S.T.A.N.! HELP! HELP!
SLOBBERY SOS SMELLS!
SIZZLE!
HO-HO! GOOD OLD BILLY! WE'VE GOT THE REST OF THE DAY OFF!
NO ROTTEN SWOT DIALS TO LOOK AT ALL DAY! THIS IS THE LIFE! SIGH!
COO—BARRY'S CAUGHT A SKATE!

SMASH! printed in Great Britain by Southernprint Limited, Branksome, Poole, Dorset, and published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Sole agents for Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (Asia) Ltd; South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Subscription Rates: Inland, 12 months 48/-, abroad (including Canada), 12 months 56/-. Dollar Rate for U.S.A. & Canada $6.50. Please send your order to Subscription Dept., 89 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
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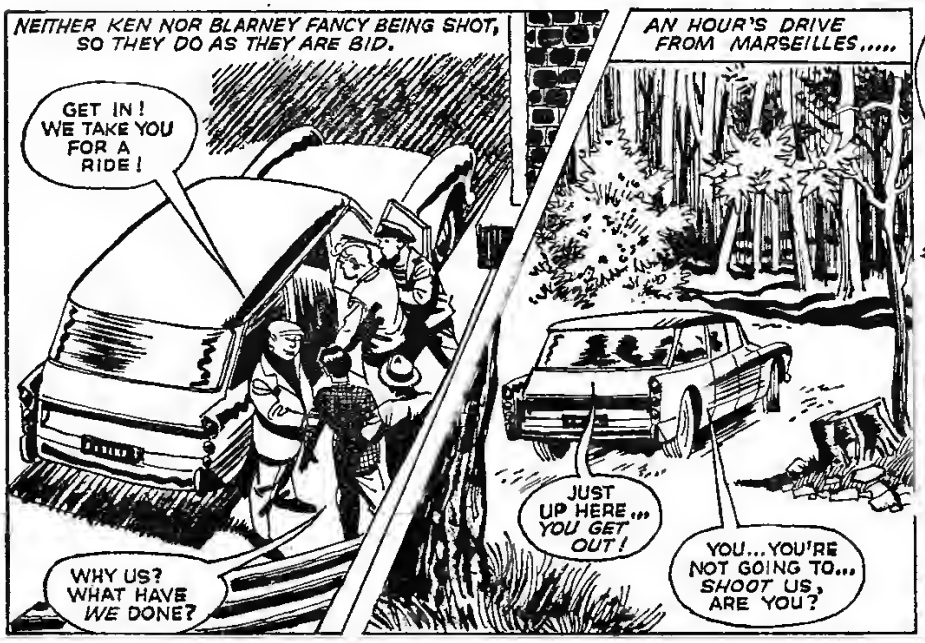
KING OF THE RING

YOUNG WRESTLER, KEN KING, AND HIS MANAGER PAL, BLARNEY STONE, HAVE DECIDED TO FIGHT THEIR WAY ROUND THE WORLD. AFTER MANY BOUTS AND ADVENTURES THEY FIND THEMSELVES IN THE FRENCH PORT OF MARSEILLES.

EVEN AS KEN AND BLARNEY ARE PREPARING TO MOVE ON, THERE IS A KNOCK AT THEIR HOTEL-ROOM DOOR....
WHO CAN THAT BE? BLARNEY, ARE YOU SURE YOU SQUARED UP WITH THE MANAGER FOR OUR ROOM?
OF COURSE I DID! WE DON'T OWE A PENNY IN THE WORLD — FOR A CHANGE!

THE PALS FIND THEMSELVES GAPING INTO THE OEAOLY BLACK EYES OF TWO GUN-BARRELS.....
TAKE..IT EASY! YOU CAN HAVE ALL THE MONEY WE'VE GOT! BUT IT ISN'T MUCH...!
WE OON'T WANT MONEY! WE WANT YOU, BOTH OF YOU. YOU COME WITH US!


NEITHER KEN NOR BLARNEY FANCY BEING SHOT, SO THEY DO AS THEY ARE BID.
GET IN! WE TAKE YOU FOR A RIDE!
WHY US? WHAT HAVE WE DONE?
AN HOUR'S DRIVE FROM MARSEILLES.....
JUST UP HERE... YOU GET OUT!
YOU...YOU'RE NOT GOING TO... SHOOT US, ARE YOU?

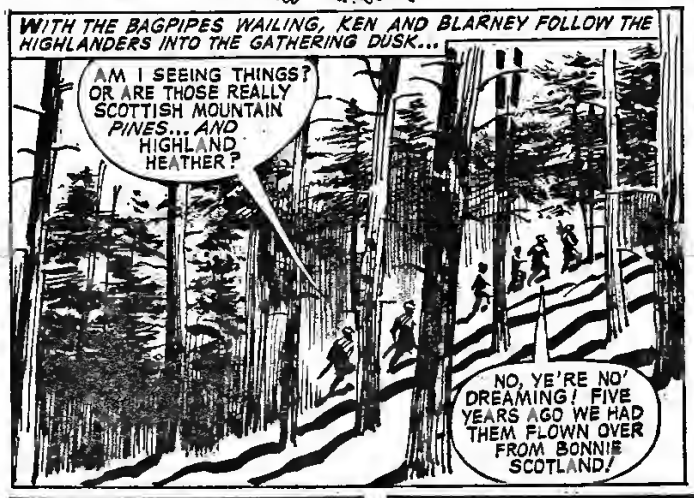
WE USED OUR GUNS JUST SO YOU WOULDN'T ARGUE. WE WERE PAID TO BRING YOU HERE BY.... WELL, YOU'LL SOON SEE FOR YOURSELVES...
BLARNEY! LISTEN...ARE MY EARS PLAYING ME TRICKS?

THE GRIZZLED LEADER SLIPS HIS TUNIC FROM A MUSCULAR TORSO....
I AM HAMISH McDUFF, GILLIE AND HEADMAN TO THE LAIRD OF DUNCOE. YOU ARE A WRESTLER! WELL, NOW YOU SHALL WRESTLE WITH ME.
FOR PETE'S SAKE DO AS HE SAYS, KEN. I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THOSE CLAYMORES!

ANGER SPARKS IN KEN'S EYES....
OKAY! IF IT'S A FIGHT YOU WANT, YOU'LL GET IT! I OON'T LIKE PRACTICAL JOKERS WHO DON'T CONSIOER OTHER PEOPLE'S FEELINGS!
THIS IS NO JOKE, I ASSURE YE!
DESPITE HIS BULK, HAMISH McDUFF MOVES FASTER THAN KEN ANTICIPATES....
OH, MY GOSH! HE'S GOT KEN IN A BEAR-HUG! BUT THE KIO'S HOOKING HIM ROUNO THE LEG.....
YOU SUBMIT, PUNY SASSENACH?
BUT NEXT MOMENT....
THE KID'S GOING TO TRIP HIM... HE HAS!
WHO SUBMIT TO WHOM?
UUUUHHH!
AS THE HIGHLANDER TOPPLES....
UUUGGGG!
THAT'S THE TICKET, KEN! THAT OOUBLE-HAND CHOP'LL TAKE THE FIGHT OUT OF HIM.
SHAKING HIS RUGGED HEAO, HAMISH McOUFF STAGGERS BACK TO HIS FEET. BUT AS HE DOES SO.....
NICE GOING, KEN. THAT ARM-BAR AND LIFT WILL MAKE HIM THINK!
NOW... WILL YOU SUBMIT?
ACH!.. NO!.. NO!
THE PAINFUL ARM-BAR IS FOLLOWED BY A WHIRLING IRISH WHIP....
YOU'RE A DEVIL FOR PUNISHMENT... I'LL GIVE YOU THAT!
UUUHHHH!
THEN COMES A THUDDING FORE-ARM SMASH....
HAMISH! HE'LL NO' GET AWAY WI' IT! I'LL SETTLE IT OOT WITH HIM!
KEN!... LOOK OUT!
GGGGNNN!
BUT A ROAR FROM THE FALLEN McDUFF STOPS THE FIGHTING THERE ANO THEN....
HOLO, DONALD, YE HOT-HEAOED FOOL! THIS SCRIMMAGE WAS NO' OF HIS ASKING! HE FOUGHT ME FAIR... ANO BEAT ME FAIR!
YE'RE AS GOOO AS WE HEARD YE WERE! AY, YE WRESTLE AS GOOD AS ANY A MON I'VE SEEN! YE'LL DO, LADOIE... YE'LL DO!
HE'LL DO? HE'LL OO... FOR WHAT?

THE SMILE LEAVES THE FACE OF HAMISH McDUFF...
I WANT TO MAKE YOU A BUSINESS OFFER. COME WITH US TO DUNCOE CASTLE...YE MAY SAVE THE LIFE OF A GRAND OLD MON—AND EARN THREE HUNDRED ENGLISH POUNDS!
EH?! WHAT HAS THE KID GOT TO DO TO EARN THIS PRINCELY SUM, HEY?

ALL YE HAVE TO DO IS WRESTLE BEFORE THE LAIRD O' DUNCOE! AGAINST... THE MAN IN THE HOOD!
AS KEN KING'S MANAGER... I ACCEPT THE DEAL! LEAD ON, McDUFF!


WITH THE BAGPIPES WAILING, KEN AND BLARNEY FOLLOW THE HIGHLANDERS INTO THE GATHERING DUSK...
AM I SEEING THINGS? OR ARE THOSE REALLY SCOTTISH MOUNTAIN PINES... AND HIGHLAND HEATHER?
NO, YE'RE NO' DREAMING! FIVE YEARS AGO WE HAD THEM FLOWN OVER FROM BONNIE SCOTLAND!

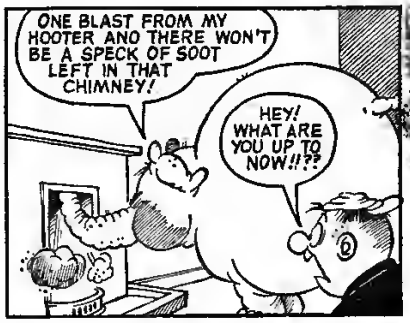
THEN, BEYOND THE PINES, SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SOUTHERN FRENCH SKY, THEY SEE...
KEN, THIS GETS MORE FANTASTIC ALL THE TIME! SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'RE GOING TO SPEND THE STRANGEST CHRISTMAS WE'VE EVER HAD!
GOOD GRIEF!
LADDIES, THE HOME OF THE LAIRD! THE CASTLE OF DUNCOE!
WHAT LIES WITHIN THE CASTLE WALLS?...AND WHO IS THE MAN IN THE HOOD? FOR MORE GRAPPLING THRILLS, BE HERE NEXT WEEK!

Percy's Pets

I WISH PERCY HAD HIGHER CEILINGS IN HIS HOUSE!

GRR! WHY CAN'T YOU GO OUTSIDE TO STAND UP STRAIGHT! I'M FED UP WITH WASHING YOUR NECK!
IT'S THAT CHIMNEY! IT BADLY NEEDS SWEEPING! IT'S BLACK!

I'LL CLEAN IT AND GET IN PERCY'S GOOD BOOKS AGAIN! HE HASN'T SPOKEN TO ME SINCE I SAT ON HIS APPLE TART!


ONE BLAST FROM MY HOOTER AND THERE WON'T BE A SPECK OF SOOT LEFT IN THAT CHIMNEY!
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU UP TO NOW!!??

AAGH! CAN'T A GOOSE HAVE A NAP IN PEACE!

WAAH! NO! NO!

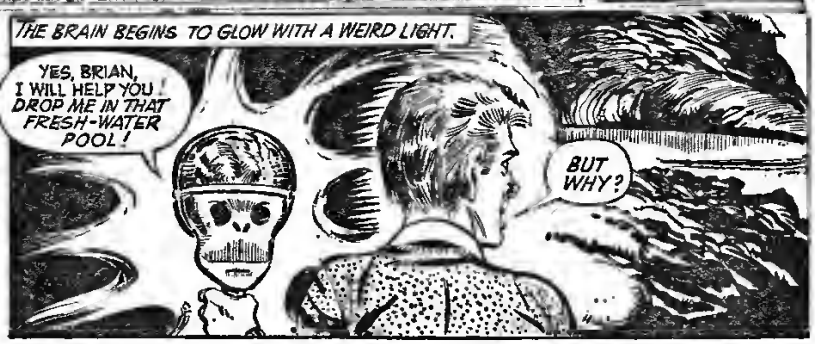
IT'S DIRTIED ALL MY WASHING! SOMEONE'S GOING TO PAY FOR THIS—AND I KNOW WHO!

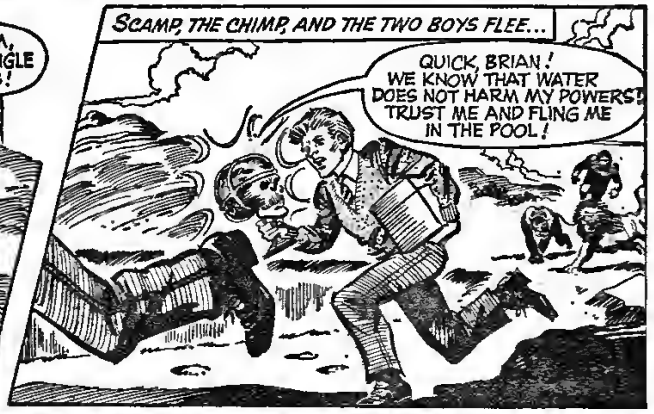
GUESS WHO? ERK!
GRAB!

GRRR! GERRY'S NECK WAS BAD ENOUGH—NOW I'VE GOT THE WEEKLY WASH, TOO, YOU TWERP!
ER—I'LL DRY IT! G-GULP!
SPOTLESS! —OR ELSE!

BRIAN'S BRAIN

ON A LONELY ISLAND, BRIAN KINGSLEY TAKES THE AMAZING ARTIFICIAL BRAIN FROM ITS BOX. ONLY THE BRAIN CAN HELP BRIAN AND HIS FRIEND, DUFFY, TO CHALLENGE THE POWER OF VARCO, THE SINISTER ANIMAL MAN.
THE BRAIN WILL HELP US, DUFFY! IT'LL TELL US HOW TO SAVE YOUR UNCLE AND THE OTHER PRISONERS FROM VARCO AND HIS ANIMALS!



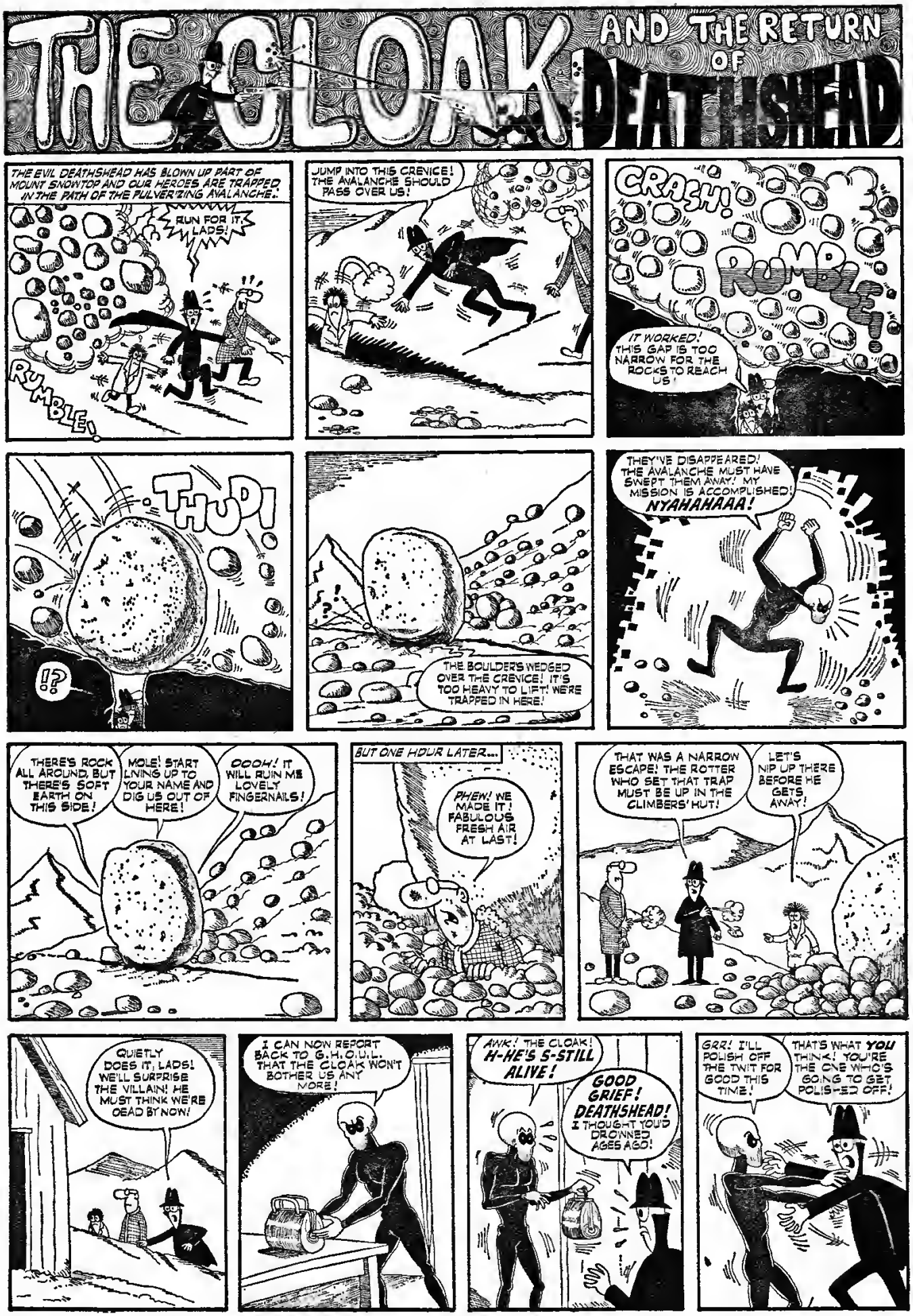

SCAMP, THE CHIMP, AND THE TWO BOYS FLEE...
QUICK, BRIAN! WE KNOW THAT WATER DOES NOT HARM MY POWERS! TRUST ME AND FLING ME IN THE POOL!

BRIAN MAKES THE HARDEST DECISION OF HIS LIFE...
YOU'RE CRAZY, BRIAN! THROWING AWAY THE ONLY POWER THAT CAN SAVE US!
THE BRAIN HAS NEVER LIED TO ME, DUFFY! I HAVE TO DO THIS!

WITH MY POWER OVER ANIMALS I SHALL TERRORISE THE WORLD, KIDNAP THE RICH AND RANSOM STATE SECRETS! ALL I WANT NOW IS THE MYSTERIOUS, GLOWING MACHINE YOU CARRY IN A BOX, BRIAN KINGSLEY!
YOU'LL NEVER GET THAT, VARCO!

VARCO SWINGS HIS RIFLE TOWARDS DUFFY
IF YOU VALUE THE LIFE OF DUFFY, YOUR FRIEND, YOU WILL TELL ME WHERE YOU HAVE HIDDEN IT! I SHALL COUNT THREE AND FIRE! ONE, TWO...
STOP! IT'S IN THE POOL!

BUT THAT'S THE DRINKING POOL MY ANIMALS USE! WHAT TRICK IS THIS?
THE GLOW FROM THE BRAIN IS COMING UP THROUGH THE WATER!
GUARD THE POOL, ANIMALS! BUT DO NOT DRINK FROM IT!
THE BRAIN IS USING ITS OWN POWER TO TAKE CONTROL OF VARCO'S JUNGLE COMMANDOS!
SUDDENLY VARCO YELLS IN FURY!
I'M RIGHT! IT'S A TRICK! GET BACK, MY FAITHFUL ONES! THAT GLOWING THING IS HYPNOTISING YOU ALL!
AHH!
MY OWN LOYAL GUARDS ARE BEING TURNED BACK INTO BEASTS I CAN'T CONTROL!
GRRR!
NEXT MOMENT VARCO IS RUNNING FOR HIS LIFE!
VARCO'S ANIMAL GUARDS ARE CHASING HIM NOW! THAT WAS THE BRAIN'S PLAN!
BRIAN WADES INTO THE POOL...
BRAIN, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN!
AEROPLANES! SEARCHING FOR US, BRIAN! I'LL GET THE SIGNAL ROCKETS FROM THE DINGHY!
WITH THE BRAIN ONCE MORE SAFELY IN ITS BOX...
THE PLANE IS CIRCLING, BRIAN! WE'VE BEEN SEEN!
COME ON, DUFFY! WE'LL SET FREE YOUR UNCLE AND VARCO'S OTHER PRISONERS!
FIVE MINUTES LATER...
WE KNEW YOU'D BEEN KIDNAPPED, UNCLE BERT, AND THAT COLONEL BELROSE HAD BEEN SNATCHED, TOO! BUT WE DIDN'T KNOW VARCO WAS TAKING OTHER PRISONERS!
I'M A RESEARCH SCIENTIST FROM THE DEFENCE HQ THAT VARCO RAIDED!
VARCO WANTED THE SECRET OF OUR LATEST DEFENCE WEAPONS! HE'S GOT TO BE CAUGHT!
HE'S REACHED THE MOTOR-BOAT THAT BROUGHT US HERE! BUT THE FLARES HAVE ALERTED HELICOPTERS!
A HELICOPTER LANDS...
THIS IS AMAZING! WILD ANIMALS EVERYWHERE - BUT ALL OF THEM TAME AND FRIENDLY!
HE DOESN'T KNOW THE AMAZING POWER OF THE BRAIN!
SOON THEY ARE ON THEIR WAY BACK TO THE MAINLAND.
VARCO IS BEING HUNTED DOWN BY THE ARMY - HE WON'T ESCAPE!
HIS PLOT TO TAKE CHARGE OF MY CIRCUS AND THEN START A REIGN OF TERROR HAS FAILED - THANKS TO YOU TWO BOYS! AND NOT FORGETTING SCAMP!
AT THE CIRCUS THE RETURN OF BERT MATCHEM AND THE BOYS IS GREETED WITH CHEERS!
NEXT WEEK WE'RE STARTING OUR CHRISTMAS CIRCUS SEASON! EVERYBODY HERE WANTS YOU TWO BOYS WITH US! HOW ABOUT IT?
YOU BET, UNCLE BERT!
MORE BIG-TOP THRILLS AS BRIAN AND DUFFY BEGIN AN EXCITING NEW ADVENTURE...NEXT WEEK!


THE CLOAK
AND THE RETURN OF
DEATHSHEAD
THE EVIL DEATHSHEAD HAS BLOWN UP PART OF MOUNT SNOWTOP AND OUR HEROES ARE TRAPPED IN THE PATH OF THE PULVERIZING AVALANCHE!
RUN FOR IT, LADS!
RUMBLE!
JUMP INTO THIS CREVICE! THE AVALANCHE SHOULD PASS OVER US!
CRASH!
RUMBLE!
IT WORKED! THIS GAP IS TOO NARROW FOR THE ROCKS TO REACH US!
THUD!
!?
THE BOULDER'S WEDGED OVER THE CREVICE! IT'S TOO HEAVY TO LIFT! WE'RE TRAPPED IN HERE!
THEY'VE DISAPPEARED! THE AVALANCHE MUST HAVE SWEPT THEM AWAY! MY MISSION IS ACCOMPLISHED! NYAHAHAAA!
THERE'S ROCK ALL AROUND, BUT THERE'S SOFT EARTH ON THIS SIDE!
MOLE! START LIVING UP TO YOUR NAME AND DIG US OUT OF HERE!
OOOH! IT WILL RUIN ME LOVELY FINGERNAILS!
BUT ONE HOUR LATER...
PHEW! WE MADE IT! FABULOUS FRESH AIR AT LAST!
THAT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE! THE ROTTER WHO SET THAT TRAP MUST BE UP IN THE CLIMBERS' HUT!
LET'S NIP UP THERE BEFORE HE GETS AWAY!
QUIETLY DOES IT, LADS! WE'LL SURPRISE THE VILLAIN! HE MUST THINK WE'RE DEAD BY NOW!
I CAN NOW REPORT BACK TO G.H.O.U.L. THAT THE CLOAK WON'T BOTHER US ANY MORE!
AWK! THE CLOAK! H-HE'S S-STILL ALIVE!
GOOD GRIEF! DEATHSHEAD! I THOUGHT YOU'D DROWNED AGES AGO!
GRR! I'LL POLISH OFF THE TWIT FOR GOOD THIS TIME!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO GET POLISHED OFF!

BASH!
THUD!
KICK!
BAM!
ERG!
CLOMP!
OOPS! WE'VE STARTED TO ROLL DOWN THE HILL!
STOP! STOP! YOU'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THAT CREVICE!
ROLL!
CHUNK!
THEY'VE BOTH ROLLED OVER THE EDGE! THEY'LL BE KILLED!
AWK!
ERK!
MIK
GULP! I HOPE WE FALL ON SOMETHING SOFT!
BAH! I HOPE I FALL ON SOMETHING SOFT! YOU CAN BREAK YOUR NECK FOR ALL I CARE!
SPLASH!!
BLUB! WE'VE LANDED IN AN UNDERGROUND RIVER! LUCK IS WITH US!
HEE! HEE! THE OXYGEN SUPPLY IN MY HEADMASK ENABLES ME TO STAY UNDERWATER FOR SOME TIME; BUT THE CLOAK WILL DROWN IF I HOLD HIM DOWN LONG ENOUGH!
GULP! THE FOUL FIEND IS TRYING TO HOLD ME DOWN AND FINISH ME OFF! HE MUST HAVE AN AIR SUPPLY IN THAT CREEPY MASK OF HIS!
HEE! HEE! JUST A FEW MORE SECONDS AND THIS CLOAKED CLOT WILL BE WATER-LOGGED! THEN I'LL SURFACE AND HEAD BACK TO G.H.O.U.L. HEADQUARTERS!
WE'RE BEING SWEPT ALONG BY THE STRONG CURRENT! I CAN'T HOLD MY BREATH ANY LONGER! I'M GOING TO BLACK OUT! BLUB! BLUB!
DON'T MISS THE NEXT SOGGY INSTALMENT!

THE FABULOUS F.F. REACH OUT IN DESPERATION, ONLY TO FIND...

"A BLIND MAN SHALL LEAD THEM!"

LOOKS LIKE WE FOUND THEM JUST IN *TIME!* THEY COULDN'T HAVE LASTED MUCH LONGER ON THE OPEN SEA!

TAKE EM TO THE *INFIRMARY!* THE MEDICS ARE STANDIN' BY TO DO WHAT THEY CAN!

EASY WITH HER, MATE! I'LL LEND YOU A HAND!

LAST ISSUE, WE SAW THE F.F. NARROWLY ESCAPE DEATH ON A LONELY ISLE WHEN A NUCLEAR EXPLOSION OCCURRED!

WHILE THEIR DEADLY ENEMIES, THE *WINGLESS WIZARD, SANDMAN,* THE *TRAPSTER,* AND *MADAM MEDUSA,* WHO CHOOSE TO CALL THEMSELVES *THE FRIGHTFUL FOUR,* ESCAPED WITH SECONDS TO SPARE, REED, BEN, SUE, AND JOHNNY TOOK THE FULL BRUNT OF THE EXPLOSION, PROTECTED ONLY BY SUE STORM'S LIFE-SAVING INVISIBLE FORCE FIELD!

FOR MORE THAN 24 HOURS, THE F.F. DRIFT HELPLESSLY ON THE HIGH SEAS, UNTIL A SEARCHING ATOMIC SUB FINDS THEM AT LAST...

U.S.S. SEA HAWK

ONE OF THE MOST *STARTINGLY DIFFERENT* F.F. SAGAS YOU HAVE EVER READ!

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ALTHOUGH SLEEP COMES AT ONCE TO THE F.F., IT IS THE TORTURED, NIGHTMARISH SLEEP OF THOSE WHO CAN NEVER FORGET A TERRIBLE MEMORY...

SUE! BEN! JOHNNY! LOOK OUT! LOOK OUT FOR THE *BOMB!*

IT'S ABOUT TO *EXPLODE!!*

WE'VE GOT TO FLEE THE ISLAND! HURRY--INTO THE SHIP!! *HURRY!*

"IT'S *TOO LATE!* THE *FRIGHTFUL FOUR* HAVE *TRAPPED* US HERE! THERE'S *NO* ESCAPE!"

"YOUR *FORCE FIELD* IS OUR ONLY HOPE, SUE! BUT--CAN IT PROTECT US FROM THE *BOMB??!*"

WHOOOM!!

RICHARDS--*RICHARDS!!* WAKE UP, MAN! YOU'VE BEEN HAVING A *NIGHTMARE!*

YOU'RE SAFE ABOARD THE U.S. NUCLEAR SUB *SEA HAWK* NOW! YOU'RE *ALL* SAFE!

SAFE?? HOW *CAN* WE BE SAFE-- WHEN WE'VE *CHANGED* SO?!!

CHANGED??

THE NEXT MORNING...
SAY, MR FANTASTIC--WOULDJA STRETCH YOUR ARM TO REACH SOME FOOD SO'S I CAN TELL THE OTHER GOBS I SAW YA DO IT?
S'MATTER? DID I SAY SOMETHING WRONG?
BEAT IT, SAILOR! IF YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR LAUGHS, GO TICKLE YOURSELF!

SORRY, MR. GRIMM! I-I DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM!
I KNOW YA DIDN'T, SAILOR! WE JUST AIN'T IN THE MOOD FOR CLOWNIN' AROUND RIGHT NOW!
U.S.S. SEA-HAWK

THEN, WHEN THEY'RE FINALLY ALONE ONCE MORE...
ONE OF US HAS GOT TO SAY IT! WE'VE LOST OUR POWERS!! ALL OF US!!
REED--WHAT'LL WE DO?? WITHOUT OUR POWERS, WE--WE'RE NOTHIN'!
IT'S TRUE!
I KNOW IT, JOHNNY! I KNOW IT!

FOR THE REMAINDER OF THE VOYAGE HOME, LITTLE IS SAID AMONG THE FOUR DOWN-HEARTED ADVENTURERS! THERE IS LITTLE THAT CAN BE SAID, UNTIL THEY RETURN TO REED'S WORLD-FAMOUS LAB, EACH WRAPPED UP IN HIS OWN GLOOMY THOUGHTS--EACH CONTEMPLATING THE FUTURE WITH GRIM FOREBODING!
WHO'RE YOU KIDDIN' WITH ALL THAT RESEARCH? THERE'S NO WAY FOR US TO GET OUR POWERS BACK AND YOU KNOW IT!
IS IT TRUE, DARLING? IS THE FANTASTIC FOUR FINISHED--- FOREVER?
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT, SUE!
WHY DON'T WE JUST SIT TIGHT AND GIVE OL' REED A CHANCE?

FINALLY, AFTER DAYS OF PREPARATION, THEY PLUNGE INTO THEIR NEWEST, THEIR MOST DIFFICULT PROJECT WITH SAVAGE DESPERATION--THE PROJECT THEY CALL: OPERATION ARTIFICIAL POWERS!
REED, DARLING, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! YOU CAN'T DUPLICATE THE FANTASTIC POWERS WE LOST WHEN THE BOMB'S RADIATION AFFECTED US!
I'VE GOT TO DO IT, SUE! FOR OUR OWN PROTECTION! IF OUR ENEMIES EVER LEARN WHAT'S HAPPENED TO US, OUR LIVES WON'T BE WORTH A THING!
IT'S STILL HARD TO BELIEVE THAT I USED TO LOOK LIKE THIS ROBOT OF THE THING!
IT'S FUNNY WHAT A GUY CAN GET USED TO, BEN! I WAS BEGINNIN' TO THINK OL' ORANGE SKIN WAS ACTUALLY CUTE-LOOKIN'!
CUT THE CONVERSATION--ALL OF YOU! EVERY MINUTE COUNTS! JOHNNY, IGNITE YOUR SUIT!
I'VE GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU, REED! THE FLAME JETS IN THIS OUTFIT FEEL ALMOST AS GOOD AS MY OWN NATURAL FLAME USED TO FEEL!
I'M NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR FEELINGS, BOY! LET ME SEE YOU FLY!
WHEW! I'VE NEVER SEEN REED SO SERIOUS--OR SO ROUGH! I'D BETTER BUCKLE DOWN!
I-I CAN DO IT--BUT, IT FEELS KINDA WOBBLY--!
I CAN'T STAY ALOFT! LOOK OUT--UNHHH!
DON'T QUIT, KID! WE'RE NOT PLAYING GAMES NOW! KEEP PRACTICING TILL YOU GET IT! YOUR LIFE MAY DEPEND ON IT!
HEY, REED--WHAT 'ABOUT ME?
YOU? UH, NOW LET'S SEE--WHAT DID I HAVE IN MIND FOR YOU--?
LOOK, FELLA--YOU HAVEN'T RESTED FOR DAYS! YA CAN'T KEEP DRIVIN' YOURSELF THIS WAY! WHY DON'T YOU--?
NO! WE CAN'T STOP NOW! GRAB THAT ROBOT CONTROL! MANIPULATE IT THE WAY I TELL YOU TO!
OKAY--IF YOU SAY SO!
EASY! EASY! DON'T JAM THE MECHANISM! MAKE BELIEVE YOU'RE ACTUALLY HIM! TRY TO FEEL LIKE THE THING!
BLAST IT!! I'M NO GOOD AT THIS KIND OF STUFF!!
WELL, START GETTING GOOD, MISTER! YOU'VE GOT NO CHOICE!
THE ENTIRE IDEA OF US USING ARTIFICIAL MEANS TO DUPLICATE OUR OWN LOST POWERS IS A MAD ONE, AND YET--
YET, IF ANYONE CAN PULL IT OFF, REED CAN! AND, WE ALL KNOW IT, SIS!
HEY, REED--I FORGOT HOW TO STOP THE BLAMED THING! WHAT DO I DO NOW?
REVERSE THE VECTOR LEVER!! BEN, LISTEN TO ME, YOU CLUMSY BUMBLER!! GIVE ME THAT CONTROL!!
CRASH!

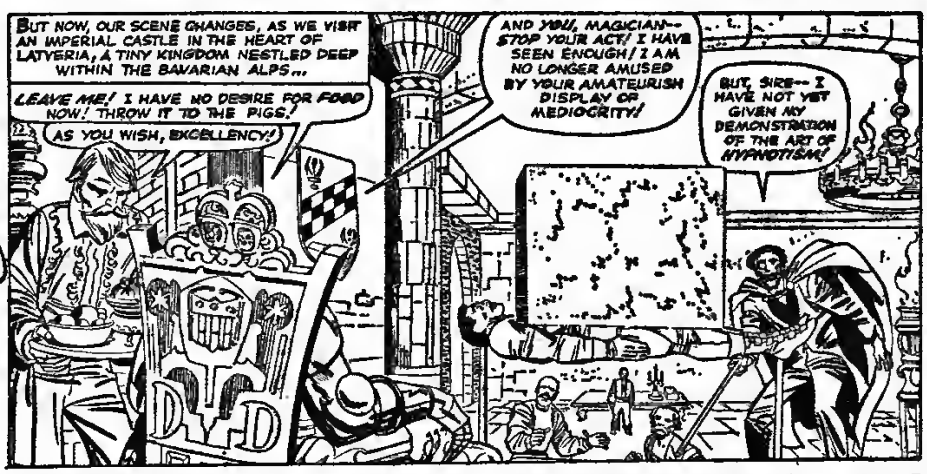
NOW DON'T BLOW A GASKET, STRETCH! I DID MY BEST, BUT MAYBE YOU'D BETTER HIRE A PUPPETEER!
NO! ONLY YOU CAN KNOW WHAT THE THING WOULD DO UNDER ANY GIVEN CIRCUMSTANCE! IT MUST BE YOU WHO OPERATES THE ROBOT!

OKAY, OKAY! I'LL KEEP PRACTICIN' TILL I GET IT--WHICH'LL PROBABLY BE NEVER!
MAYBE I HAVE BITTEN OFF MORE THAN WE CAN CHEW! MAYBE IT IS AN IMPOSSIBLE PLAN--!
NO, REED! YOU MUSTN'T SAY THAT! YOU'RE OUR STRENGTH--OUR COURAGE! IF YOU EVER FALTER, THEN WE HAVE NOTHING!

HERE, I'LL TRY THE ELECTRO-VIBRA SUIT YOU DESIGNED FOR ME! I'VE BEEN STUDYING THE CONTROL BUTTONS...!
CAREFUL, DARLING! YOU'RE NOT SPACING THE IMPULSES CORRECTLY! SMOOTHER--DO IT SMOOTHER.
I CAN STILL SEE YOU, BUT PERHAPS, WITH MORE PRACTICE--!

NOW TRY THE ARTIFICIAL, BUILT-IN FORCE FIELD! THAT'S IT! NOW HARDER--HARDER!
I CAN'T! I HAVE IT SET AT MAXIMUM NOW!
OH, REED--HOW CAN WE EVER HOPE TO DUPLICATE THE POWER OF NATURE?!!

WE CAN'T, SUE! BUT WE'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO IMITATE HER ENOUGH TO KEEP OUR ENEMIES FROM SUSPECTING HOW POWERLESS WE'VE BECOME!
BUT, SOONER OR LATER THE TRUTH WILL LEAK OUT, AND WHEN IT DOES, WE-WE'LL BE HELPLESS!
WHAT A LIFE! WHEN WE FIRST GOT OUR POWERS A FEW YEARS AGO, WE HATED 'EM! AND NOW--WE FEEL NAKED AND HELPLESS WITHOUT THEM!


BUT NOW, OUR SCENE CHANGES, AS WE VISIT AN IMPERIAL CASTLE IN THE HEART OF LATVERIA, A TINY KINGDOM NESTLED DEEP WITHIN THE BAVARIAN ALPS...
LEAVE ME! I HAVE NO DESIRE FOR FOOD NOW! THROW IT TO THE PIGS!
AS YOU WISH, EXCELLENCY!
AND YOU, MAGICIAN--STOP YOUR ACT! I HAVE SEEN ENOUGH! I AM NO LONGER AMUSED BY YOUR AMATEURISH DISPLAY OF MEDIOCRITY!
BUT, SIRE--I HAVE NOT YET GIVEN MY DEMONSTRATION OF THE ART OF HYPNOTISM!

HYPNOTISM! BAH! CAN SUCH A PETTY TALENT IMPRESS DOCTOR DOOM, THE MAN WHO DEFEATED THE FANTASTIC FOUR!
BUT FINISH YOUR ACT, AND THEN, BEGONE! YOU BEGIN TO BORE ME!

I SHALL DEMONSTRATE HOW EASILY A SUBJECT MAY BE--EXCELLENCY! I DO NOT UNDERSTAND! YOU ARE ALREADY UNDER HYPNOSIS! I CAN SENSE IT!
BUT, WAIT! I SEEM TO BE DISSOLVING THE SPELL! YOU'RE COMING OUT OF IT!

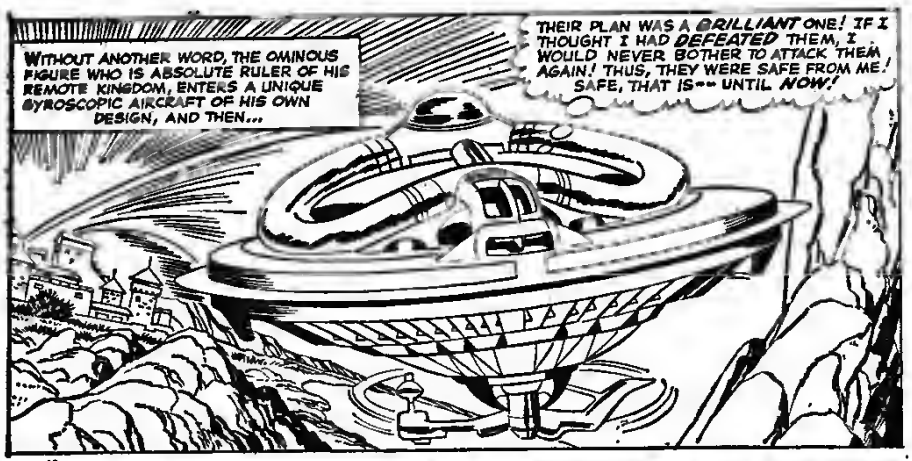
A FOG SEEMS TO BE LIFTING FROM MY BRAIN! SLOWLY, MEMORY IS RETURNING--THAT DAY-- LONG MONTHS AGO--WHEN I BATTLED REED RICHARDS-- I--I REMEMBER NOW--

HE TRICKED ME! I DIDN'T DEFEAT HIM! HE ONLY HYPNOTIZED ME TO THINK I DID-- SO THAT I WOULD NEVER BATTLE HIM AGAIN!

NEVER HAS SUCH INDIGNITY BEEN HEAPED UPON DOCTOR DOOM!! ONLY DEATH CAN AVENGE THIS INSULT-- THE DEATH OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR!!

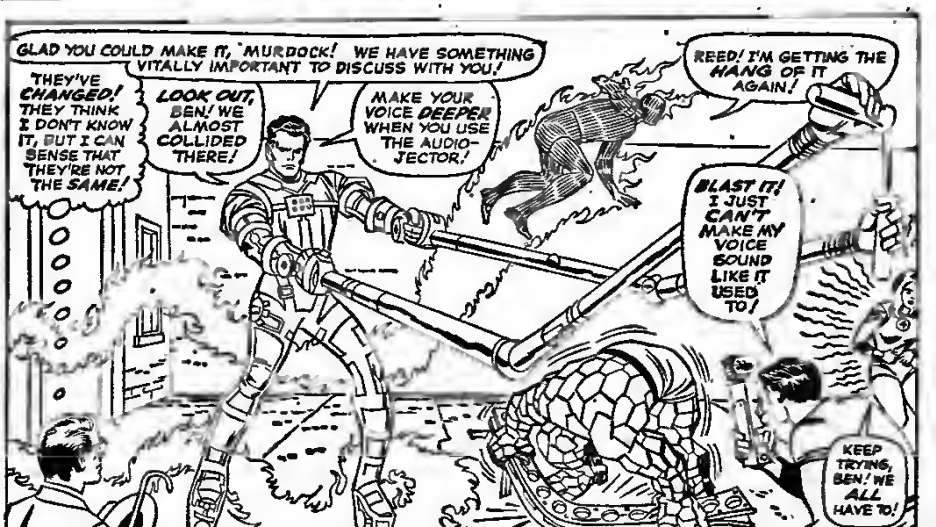
TO THINK--IT TOOK A PETTY CHARLATAN LIKE YOU TO FREE ME FROM RICHARDS' HYPNOTIC SPELL!
AH, SIRE, IN YOUR GRATITUDE, I TRUST YOU WILL REWARD YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT MOST GENEROUSLY!

GRATITUDE?? SUCH WEAK WORDS ARE NOT FOR DOCTOR DOOM! HERE IS YOUR REWARD! BE GRATEFUL I DO NOT PUT YOU TO DEATH FOR KNOWING HOW I HAVE BEEN TRICKED!

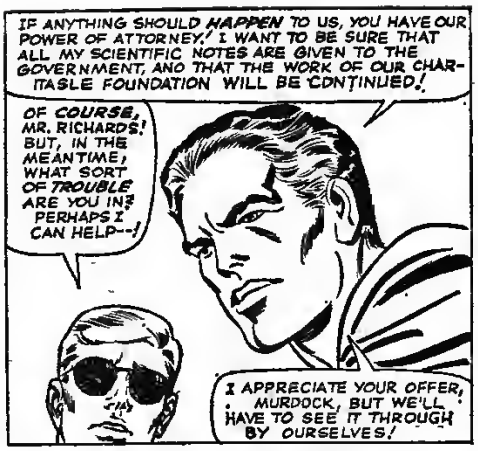

WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, THE OMINOUS FIGURE WHO IS ABSOLUTE RULER OF HIS REMOTE KINGDOM, ENTERS A UNIQUE GYROSCOPIC AIRCRAFT OF HIS OWN DESIGN, AND THEN...
THEIR PLAN WAS A BRILLIANT ONE! IF I THOUGHT I HAD DEFEATED THEM, I WOULD NEVER BOTHER TO ATTACK THEM AGAIN! THUS, THEY WERE SAFE FROM ME! SAFE, THAT IS-- UNTIL NOW!

OUR SCENE NOW SHIFTS TO A LONELY WAREHOUSE, IN NEW YORK, THE NEXT MORNING! WE FIND MATT MURDOCK, THE WELL-KNOWN, SIGHTLESS ATTORNEY, CAUTIOUSLY ENTERING...
I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHY WOULD THE FANTASTIC FOUR ASK ME TO MEET THEM HERE?

I'VE BEEN THEIR LAWYER EVER SINCE ELECTRO TRIED TO TAKE OVER THEIR HEADQUARTERS! BUT THEY'VE NEVER ASKED ME TO COME TO A PLACE LIKE THIS!
WE'RE IN THE BACK, MURDOCK! FOLLOW MY HAND... IT WILL LEAD YOU TO US!
LONG-TIME SMASH READERS WILL REMEMBER THIS, OF COURSE!


GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT, MURDOCK! WE HAVE SOMETHING VITALLY IMPORTANT TO DISCUSS WITH YOU!
THEY'VE CHANGED! THEY THINK I DON'T KNOW IT, BUT I CAN SENSE THAT THEY'RE NOT THE SAME!
LOOK OUT, BEN! WE ALMOST COLLIDED THERE!
MAKE YOUR VOICE DEEPER WHEN YOU USE THE AUDIO-JECTOR!
REED! I'M GETTING THE HANG OF IT AGAIN!
BLAST IT! I JUST CAN'T MAKE MY VOICE SOUND LIKE IT USED TO!
KEEP TRYING, BEN! WE ALL HAVE TO!

SOMETHING TERRIBLE MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO THEM! THEY'RE IN GREAT DANGER! THEY NEED HELP!
NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY, MURDOCK--THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME! AND, WHATEVER I TELL YOU IS CONFIDENTIAL!


IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO US, YOU HAVE OUR POWER OF ATTORNEY.' I WANT TO BE SURE THAT ALL MY SCIENTIFIC NOTES ARE GIVEN TO THE GOVERNMENT, AND THAT THE WORK OF OUR CHARITABLE FOUNDATION WILL BE CONTINUED!
OF COURSE, MR. RICHARDS! BUT, IN THE MEANTIME, WHAT SORT OF TROUBLE ARE YOU IN? PERHAPS I CAN HELP--!
I APPRECIATE YOUR OFFER, MURDOCK, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO SEE IT THROUGH BY OURSELVES!

BUT THEN, SUDDENLY...
AN EXPLOSION! SOMEONE'S ATTACKIN' US!
MURDOCK, THIS IS NO PLACE FOR YOU! TRY TO ESCAPE! IT ISN'T YOUR PROBLEM!

WHOEVER CAUSED THAT EXPLOSION IS JUST TOYING WITH US! IT WASN'T POWERFUL ENOUGH TO CAUSE SERIOUS INJURY!
NOW WE'RE BEING PEPPERED WITH SMALL STUN-BLASTS--JUST STRONG ENOUGH TO KEEP US OFF-BALANCE!

BEN! ONLY THE THING'S STRENGTH CAN HELP US NOW! BEN, DO YOU HEAR ME??
WHO CAN IT BE? WHO WOULD ATTACK US HERE?
YEAH! YEAH! SHUT UP AND LET ME CONCENTRATE!

WHEN I FIND OUT, I'LL LETCHA KNOW!
NOW RUN FOR COVER WHILE I HOLD THIS BLAMED WALL UP!
WONDERFUL! YOU SOUNDED JUST LIKE THE THING!

WHO'D YA EXPECT ME TO SOUND LIKE--MARY POPPINS?
UNNHHH--! I CAN'T HOLD IT ANY LONGER--!!

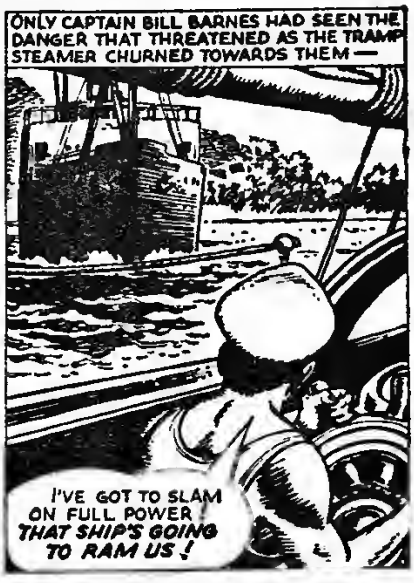
BUT, UNNOTICED AMONGST THE CONFUSION AND CARNAGE, A NEW FIGURE SUDDENLY APPEARS! WHERE MATT MURDOCK, SIGHTLESS LAWYER, HAD JUST STOOD, A LIGHTNING-FAST CHANGE OF CLOTHES NOW REVEALS--DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!!
SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO THE F.F.! THEY'VE LOST THEIR NATURAL POWERS.' I CAN HELP THEM MORE AS DAREDEVIL THAN AS THEIR LAWYER NOW!

ALTHOUGH DEPRIVED OF THE GIFT OF SIGHT, THE FEARLESS ADVENTURER'S OTHER SENSES ARE SO HIGHLY DEVELOPED THAT NO LIVING BEING HAS EVER SUSPECTED THAT DAREDEVIL IS ACTUALLY A BLIND MAN!
UHHHHH...!
THAT SOUND! THE TORCH IS HURT!
SPAT!

MY FLAME'S GONE OUT! I CAN'T--HEY! WHA--??
QUIET! DON'T STRUGGLE! I'LL CARRY YOU OUT OF HARM'S WAY!
EVEN WITH THE AID OF DAREDEVIL, CAN THE FANTASTIC FOUR SURVIVE THIS AWESOME THREAT? THE STRUGGLE CONTINUES—NEXT WEEK!

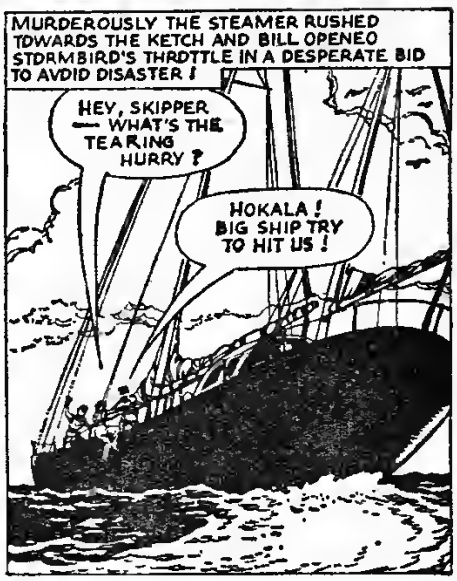
DEVIL OF THE DEEP

Captain Bill Barnes and his nephews, Nick and Sammy Swift, were hunting a monster in the South Seas. Nick dived in a frogman's outfit, but his air cylinders were smashed—and he surfaced, unconscious. While Sammy swam to his aid, Carl Sharkey—a villainous sea captain—planned to ram his tramp ship, Sukala, into their ketch.

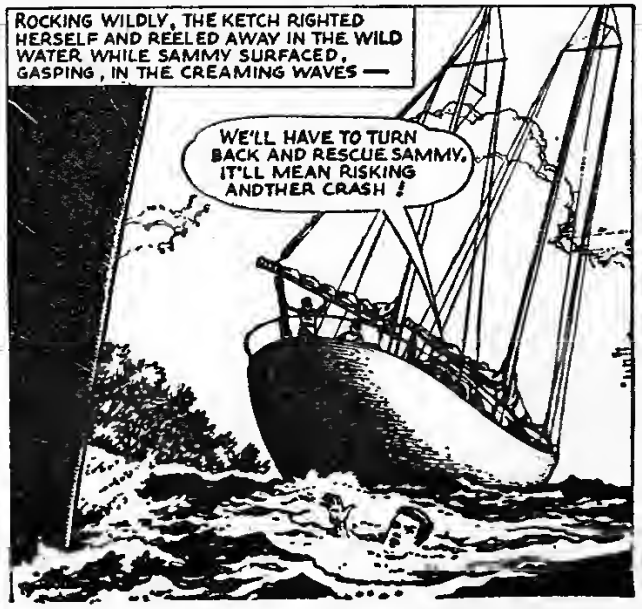

ONLY CAPTAIN BILL BARNES HAD SEEN THE DANGER THAT THREATENED AS THE TRAMP STEAMER CHURNED TOWARDS THEM —
I'VE GOT TO SLAM ON FULL POWER THAT SHIP'S GOING TO RAM US!

BEWARE THE BEAST THAT LURKS BELOW,
THE THING THAT HAUNTS MEN'S SLEEP.
TO LIVE IS BETTER THAN TO KNOW
THE MONSTER OF MANAKO DEEP

ABDARD SUKALA, CAPTAIN CARL SHARKEY BARKED AN ORDER —
KEEP HER AT THAT — FULL SPEED AHEAD. WE'LL GO THROUGH THAT CRAFT LIKE A KNIFE THROUGH A MAN'S RIBS! THEY'LL BE SORRY THEY EVER CAME NEAR MANAKO DEEP!


MURDEROUSLY THE STEAMER RUSHED TDWARDS THE KETCH AND BILL OPENED STDRMBIRD'S THRDTTLE IN A DESPERATE BID TO AVDID DISASTER!
HEY, SKIPPER — WHAT'S THE TEARING HURRY?
HOKALA! BIG SHIP TRY TO HIT US!

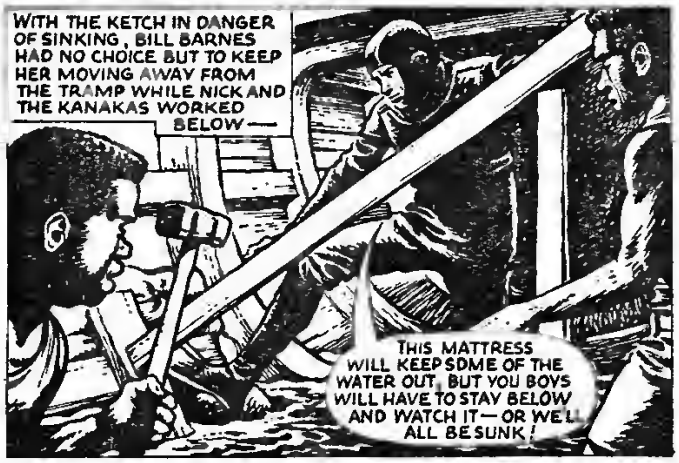
NEXT MOMENT THE KETCH REELED AND SHUDDERED UNDER THE CRASHING IMPACT OF THE STEAMER'S BOWS —
AAAGH! HELP!
SAMMY! HE'S GOING OVERBOARD!


ROCKING WILDLY, THE KETCH RIGHTED HERSELF AND REELED AWAY IN THE WILD WATER WHILE SAMMY SURFACED, GASPING, IN THE CREAMING WAVES —
WE'LL HAVE TO TURN BACK AND RESCUE SAMMY. IT'LL MEAN RISKING ANDTHER CRASH!

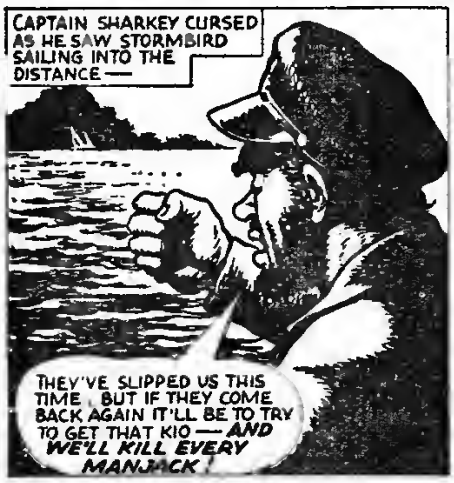
TOSSING WILDLY IN THE WAVES THROWN UP BY THE STEAMER, STORMBIRD WAS SWEPT FURTHER AWAY WHILE BILL TRIED TO TURN —
CURSE IT, WE DIDN'T HIT 'EM SQUARE ENOUGH—BUT THERE'S ONE OF 'EM IN THE WATER —

A SEAMRN DIVED WITH A LINE AND WAS HAULED ABOARD WITH THE HALF-DROWNED SAMMY —
WELL, YOU BLAMED YOUNG SNOOPER, WE GOT YOU, EH? I'LL HAVE YOUR HIDE OFF IF YOUR PALS TRY ANY TRICKS!

ABOARD STORMBIRD, WITH FRESH AIR SURGING INTO HIS LUNGS, NICK SWIFT HAD COME TO HIS SENSES IN TIME TO SEE THE DISASTER —
WE MUST GET SAMMY AWAY FROM THOSE KILLERS!
BUT—HOW? THEY'O SMASH US TO MATCHWOOO IF WE GOT NEAR 'EM!
BOSS — BOSS —


WITH THE KETCH IN DANGER OF SINKING, BILL BARNES HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO KEEP HER MOVING AWAY FROM THE TRAMP WHILE NICK AND THE KANAKAS WORKED BELOW —
THIS MATTRESS WILL KEEP SOME OF THE WATER OUT, BUT YOU BOYS WILL HAVE TO STAY BELOW AND WATCH IT — OR WE'LL ALL BE SUNK!

ON DECK ONCE MORE, NICK TOOK OFF HIS FROGMAN'S SUIT AND HOISTED THE SAILS TO GET MORE SPEED —
OUR ONLY HOPE IS TO RUN FOR MANAKO ISLAND AND FIND SHALLOW WATER WHERE WE CAN REPAIR THAT HOLE.
IF WE'RE GOING TO HELP SAMMY, WE MUST HAVE A SOUND CRAFT UNDER US!


CAPTAIN SHARKEY CURSED AS HE SAW STORMBIRD SAILING INTO THE DISTANCE —
THEY'VE SLIPPED US THIS TIME, BUT IF THEY COME BACK AGAIN IT'LL BE TO TRY TO GET THAT KIO — AND WE'LL KILL EVERY MANJACK!

ANGRY BECAUSE THEY HAD TO RUN AWAY AND ABANDON SAMMY TO HIS CAPTORS, NICK SWIFT STOOD STARING OVER THE SUNLIT SEA... THEN SUDDENLY HE SHOUTED IN SURPRISE —
SKIPPER! LOOK — IT'S THE MONSTER — AT LAST!

FOR SECONDS ONLY THE DISTANT MONSTER BROKE THE SURFACE OF MANAKO DEEP BEFORE VANISHING AGAIN —
IT'S GONE! YOU DID SEE IT, DIDN'T YOU, BILL? I WASN'T IMAGINING IT?
I SAW IT ALL RIGHT! EVIDENCE FOR OUR OWN EYES THAT THE NATIVES ARE RIGHT! WE'VE SEEN THE MONSTER OF MANAKO DEEP!

In Next Week's SMASH — An Astounding Clue for the South Sea Adventurers!

WIZARD PRANG
IN
WIZ WAR
DEMON DRUID
I'D BETTER TAKE A CRAFTY PEEP IN ME CRYSTAL BALL TO SEE IF ANYTHING GOOD IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO ME TODAY!
GOOD THINGS
BAD THINGS
OH, WOE IS ME! NOTHING GOOD IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO ME TODAY!
GOOD THINGS
DARE I LOOK INTO THE BAD BALL TO SEE WHAT LIES IN STORE?
I S'POSE I'D BETTER, 'COS, AFTER ALL, FORE-WARNED IS FOREARMED, AND IF ANYTHING BAD IS GOING TO HAPPEN I MIGHT JUST AS WELL KNOW ABOUT IT!
TEE-HEE! NOTHING BAD'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO ME...
... BUT A DIRTY GREAT ROCK IS GOING TO DROP ON THAT WHISKERY OL' WIZARD'S BRAINLESS BONCE!
DEMON DRUID LIVES HERE— SO WATCH IT!
THIS I MUST SEE!
WHAT'S THIS I SEE? WIZARD PRANG ABOUT TO BE DIVE-BOMBED BY HIS OWN FOUL-FEATHERED ALLY?
I WOULDN'T HAVE MISSED THIS FOR ANYTHING!
CRRRUMP!
BOING!
EEK! HOW DID THAT HAPPEN?
SIMPLE, MY OOPEY DRUID! ENGELBERT AND I HAVE MERELY BEEN TESTING MY NEW INTERIOR-SPRUNG BONCE PROTECTOR!
CRRRUMP!
IF YOU MUST POKE YOUR NOSE INTO OTHER PEOPLE'S EXPERIMENTS, THEN YOU MUST EXPECT TO BECOME VICTIM OF A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF FALL-OUT!
AWRRRK!
GRRRRR!
BASH!
ROTTEN, STUPID CRYSTAL BALLS! ALL THEY EVER GIVE ME IS DUFF INFORMATION... IT ISN'T EVEN AS IF I CAN GET TELEVISION PROGRAMMES ON THEM!
KICK!
BOOF!

Dear Alf and Cos,

Why do yon print so many complaints in POW-WOW, and not enough compliments? Do not try and say that it is because yon get more complaints abont your great comic than compliments, hecanse I'm sure it's not true! Who could complain abont snch a great comic? I am sure yon could fill SMASH with compliments for weeks on end and never run ont!

David Brookes,
Manchester 14.

So we could, David, so we could . . . but then people would start to think that we were just a leeetle hit prejudiced, wouldn't they?

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I bave found a boob! In issue 144, we saw Gny Fawkes fencing witb the Seventeenth-Century Cloak . . . and tbe Cloak had his sword in his left hand, bnt when he ran throngh the door on the ship it was in his right band!

Please could I bave an explanation?

Bruno Dahrowski,
London, N.15.

That's easy, Bruno! Didn't we ever tell you the Cloak is ambidextrous?

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Thanks very much for bringing hack those incredihle snper-heroes, The Fantastic Four. They are the greatest fighting team of all time, but please, please, please can they have a new villain to fight against, instead of Dr. Doom? By the way, speaking of Dr. Doom, what is be? A robot or a man in a tin suit?

Ben Rnhner,
London, N.22.

And what's wrong with the ol' Doc, all of a sudden, Ben? He's just a nice, ordinary, hard-working, well-mannered super-villain, that's all! And he is a man in metal suit, not a rohot! We're introducing new villains all the time, as you've seen, hut when all is said and done, there's no villain like an old villain!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

In SMASH No. 145, Superman was knocked unconscious hy one of the rotor hlades of the Batcopter. But Snperman is supposed to he invulnerahle, and I thonght that he was so strong that nothing could harm him except kryptonIte. So what happened?

Colin Stuhhs,
Bradford 4.

And he is invulnerahle normally, hut in this case, he had been so weakened hy the kryptonite tbat he was able to he knocked out hy almost anything, including the Batcopter's rotor hlade. It was only his gigantic strength, and the last dregs of his Invulnerahility that stopped him getting killed!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Tbank yon very much for "Devil of tbe Deep." I think It's the most fantastic story I've ever read, so please put more stories like it in SMASH.

John Rogers,
Grangetown, Sunderland.

Welcome to the club, John . . . you're just one of a horde of readers who've come out wholly in favour of our hrand new stories! In fact, something tells us we must be doing something right!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

This is what I think of the new SMASH . . . "The Speetre," "King of the Ring" and "Destination Danger" are three of the greatest stories I have ever read. All of tbem are very thrilling and exciting, and the artwork is excellent in each case. "Devil of the Deep" is good, with average artwork, bnt is not to my taste. Perhaps this could he replaced with one of the features you dropped a few issues hack? The Pow Sbort Stories and the "funnies" add plenty of variety to SMASH, and they make it what It is—great!

J. Michael,
London, N.W.6.

See what we mean? Another reader who likes our new stories! Pity you don't like "Devil of the Deep" . . . but tben we can't please everyhody all the time!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I would like to know wby Snperman and all the other inhahitants of Krypton weren't walking round in constant pain, because after all, the planet Krypton was made entirely of kryptonite.

G. C. Moran,
Lelcester.

Hold It, G.C. Hold it! You've got things the wrong way round! Kryptonite was only formed after the planet Krypton exploded! The entire planet was turned into kryptonite by the explosion. Before tbat it was just a normal world . . . like our own in many ways!

Alf and Cos.

JOKE LETTER

Dear Alf and Coe,
How about thie one?
MAN: Excuse me, officer, have you seen a man with a wooden leg called Brown?
POLICEMAN: No, sir! But if you give me the name of the other leg, I'll see whot I can do!

Ian Johnsan,
Newcastle-upon-Tyne 12.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I never notice Thor getting a shave, or cutting his hair. Does be do these things, or doesn't an immortal bave to?

Rohert Rattray,
Dundee.

You don't see him eating, or sleeping eitber, Robert, hut he does those! So we assume that he shaves and has his hair cut . . . but come to think of it, we've never seen it done, eitber!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

In SMASH 138, you had Demon Druid's elephant snck a large cake througb a small window, and wasn't even squashed! How do you explain that?

Gerard Cooney,
Co. Tipperary, Ireland.

Demon Druid's a magician, isn't he?

Alf and Cos.

DON'T FORGET THE COUPON!

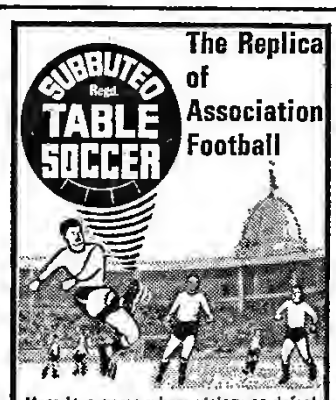
My favourite feature is

.....

My second favourite feature is

.....

Send the coupon witb your letter to: Alf and Cos, SMASH, 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.



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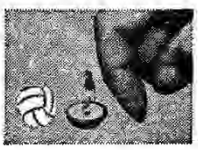

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SUPERMAN AND
BATMAN
With ROBIN The Boy Wonder
THE EVIL PROFESSOR ZINKK BELIEVES HE HAS KILLED SUPERMAN BY BEAMING KRYPTONITE RAYS AT HIM ...AND HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR BATMAN HE WOULD HAVE SUCCEEDED. NOW, IN ZINKK'S MOUNTAINTOP LABORATORY ...
BATMAN SWIPED THE TRANSMITTER-TUBE FROM MY RADIO -- SO HE MUST SUSPECT HOW I DESTROYED SUPERMAN --
--AND THAT MEANS HE AND THE BOY WILL BE BACK!
I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LET THEM LEAVE HERE ALIVE!
IN THE BAT CAVE, A PERILOUS LONG-DISTANCE EXPERIMENT IS SET UP!
RIGHT, CLARK -- WE'RE GOING TO SEND OUT KRYPTONITE RAYS BY RADIO -- JUST AS WE SUSPECT PROF. ZINKK DID WHEN HE TRIED TO KILL YOU!
--AND WE MAY END UP KILLING HIM!
AND IN FAR-OFF METROPOLIS, SUPERMAN -- IN HIS IDENTITY AS REPORTER CLARK KENT -- IS IN A TICKLISH SITUATION!
ER -- COULDN'T WE TALK THIS OVER LATER, BRUCE?
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, CLARK?
SORRY -- WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT RIGHT NOW IF THIS WAS ZINKK'S MURDER-METHOD!
CLICK!
AND AS THE LETHAL SHORT-WAVE SIGNALS HURTLE ACROSS THE MILES --!
CLARK! WHAT'S HAPPENING?!?
WHOEVER YOU ARE, AND WHATEVER YOU SAID -- YOU MADE MR. KENT FAINT, YOU BULLY!!

THE SHORT-WAVED KRYPTONITE RAYS HIT THE DISGUISED SUPERMAN WITH LETHAL FORCE!
WHO ARE YOU ?!? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MR. KENT ?!?
WHILE IN THE DISTANT BAT CAVE--
QUICK, ROBIN! TURN THE TRANSMITTER OFF!
I TOLD YOU WE SHOULDN'T DO IT!
I CAN'T TELL YOU WHO I AM, MISS LANE--BUT I ASK YOU TO BELIEVE THAT I'M MR. KENT'S FRIEND!
IF YOU'RE HIS FRIEND, HE SURE DOESN'T NEED ANY ENEMIES!
THE BEST I CAN SAY FOR YOU IS THAT APPARENTLY YOU DIDN'T QUITE KILL HIM!
WH--WHAT HAPPENED...?
I SUGGEST YOU HELP MR. KENT TO GET HOME, MISS LANE--
WELL... OKAY--
AND SO...
IT'S A CINCH YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE MUCH HELP AROUND THE OFFICE!
I--I'M SORRY, LOIS...
TO THINK I EVER THOUGHT YOU WERE SUPERMAN!
I'VE BEEN WONDERING ABOUT IT MYSELF LATELY...
PLASTINO Ellsworth
NOW WE KNOW THAT PROF. ZINKK USED KRYPTONITE RAYS TO TRY TO KILL SUPERMAN!
I'M AFRAID WE GAVE SUPERMAN QUITE A JOLT IN PROVING IT--
--BECAUSE ZINKK'S TRANSMITTER IS ONLY FIVE THOUSAND WATTS, WHEREAS OURS IS FIFTY THOUSAND!
WATT A DIFFERENCE!
OUCH!
BATINUED NEXT ISH!
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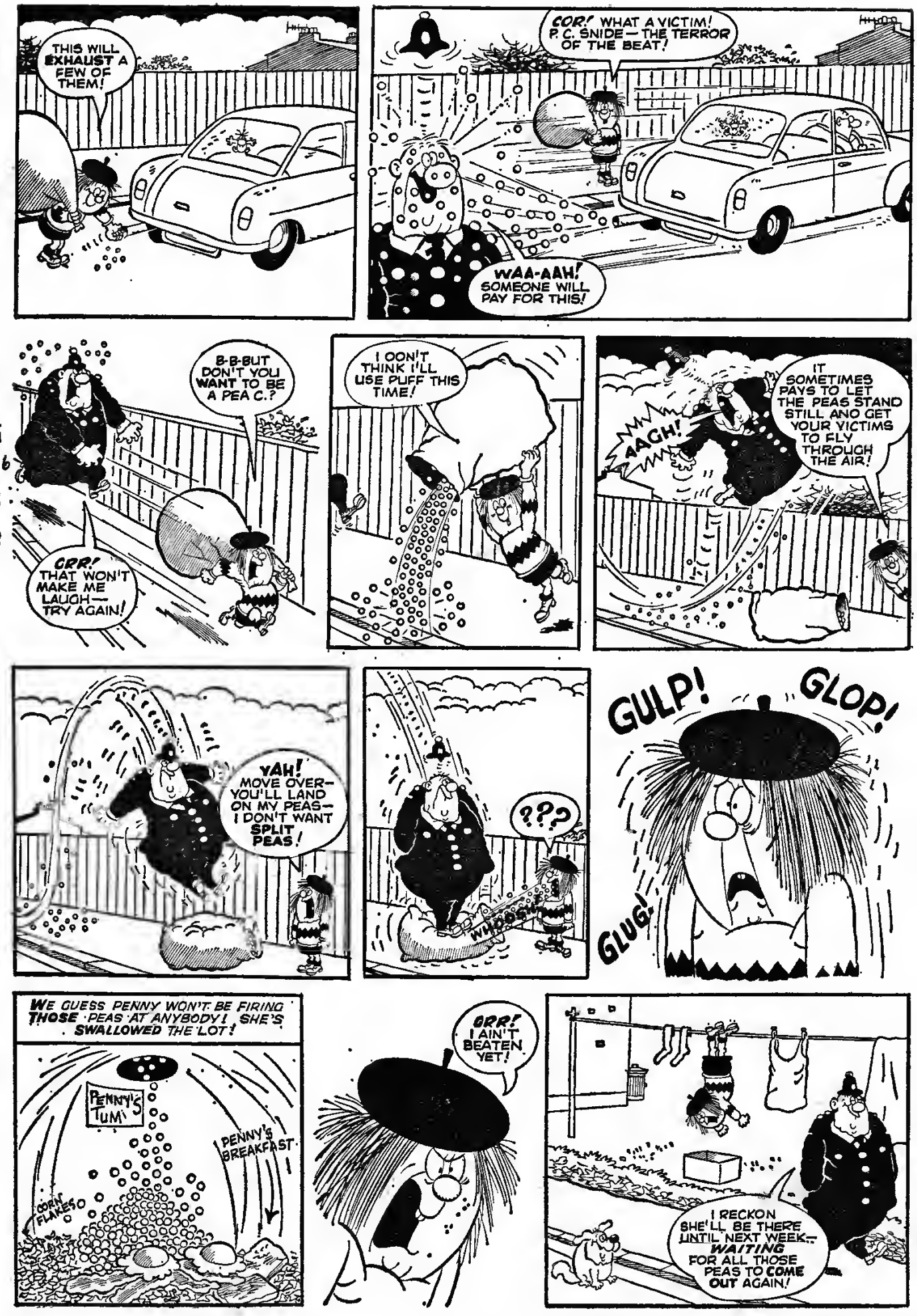
BAD PENNY

1968

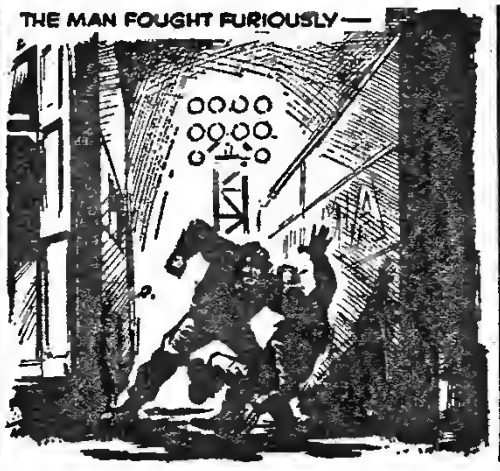
HOI! WATCH IT WITH THOSE PEAS!
PING!
PING!
PING!
PUFF! PUFF! PANT!
PENNY'S NOT AS FIT AS SHE WAS— SHE USED TO BE ABLE TO FIRE PEAS FOR HOURS ON END!
THAT POOCH IS RIGHT — I JUST DON'T HAVE THE PUFF ANY MORE!
I RECKON I'LL HAVE TO GET SOME INSTANT PUFF! HEH! HEH! HEH!
I CWT OF PEAS
FREE AIR
HOI! YOU, PENNY—HOP IT! I DON'T TRUST YOU!
AAGH! SHE'S FILLED THE BLOOMING THING WITH PEAS.
FREE AIR
HOW'S THAT FOR INSTANT PUFF?
NOW TO GET MUM!
AAGH! HOW DID THEY GET IN THERE?
DRIED PEAS
NOW TO GET DAD — MUM'S GOT HIM PEELING THE SPUDS AGAIN!
I'VE PUT THE POTATOES IN THE PAN FOR MUM — NOW, WHERE ARE THE PEAS?
AAGH!
THERE THEY ARE, DAD!
WHO SHALL I GET NEXT? I'VE GOT LOADS OF PEAS LEFT!


THIS WILL EXHAUST A FEW OF THEM!
COR! WHAT A VICTIM! P.C. SNIDE — THE TERROR OF THE BEAT!
WAA-AAH! SOMEONE WILL PAY FOR THIS!
B-B-BUT DON'T YOU WANT TO BE A PEA C.?
CRR! THAT WON'T MAKE ME LAUGH — TRY AGAIN!
I DON'T THINK I'LL USE PUFF THIS TIME!
AAGH!
IT SOMETIMES PAYS TO LET THE PEAS STAND STILL AND GET YOUR VICTIMS TO FLY THROUGH THE AIR!
YAH! MOVE OVER — YOU'LL LAND ON MY PEAS — I DON'T WANT SPLIT PEAS!
???
WHOOSH!
GULP!
GLOP!
GLUG!
WE GUESS PENNY WON'T BE FIRING THOSE PEAS AT ANYBODY! SHE'S SWALLOWED THE LOT!
PENNY'S TUM
PENNY'S BREAKFAST
CORN FLAKES
CRR! I AIN'T BEATEN YET!
I RECKON SHE'LL BE THERE UNTIL NEXT WEEK — WAITING FOR ALL THOSE PEAS TO COME OUT AGAIN!

DESTINATION DANGER

JEFF JACKSON, A YOUNG ENGLISH RACING DRIVER, DID WELL IN HIS FIRST RACE FOR PUMA MOTORS IN THE U.S.A. BUT HE MADE AN ENEMY OF PUMAS' ACE DRIVER, VIC STAFFORD, WHOM JEFF SUSPECTED AS BEING A TRAITOR TO THE FIRM. HE DARE NOT VOICE HIS SUSPICIONS, FOR HE WAS WARNED THAT, IF HE QUARRELLED WITH STAFFORD AGAIN, HE WOULD BE SACKED. THEN, ONE NIGHT, AS THE PUMA TEAM CAMPED NEAR THE ANZON RACE CIRCUIT, JEFF SAW A FURTIVE FIGURE OPEN THE VAN WHICH HOUSED THE PUMA CARS.

SILENTLY, JEFF SLIPPED FROM HIS CARAVAN.
SOMEBODY'S UP TO NO GOOD — STAFFORD, MAYBE! IF IT IS, THIS IS MY CHANCE TO SHOW HIM UP AS THE TRAITOR I THINK HE IS!



NEXT MOMENT, FLOYD HALEY, JEFF'S MECCO, RUSHED UP!
HEY, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, JEFF? WHAT HAPPENED?
I SAW SOMEONE SNOOPING AROUND STAFFORD'S CAR. I TACKLED HIM, BUT I BUMPED MY HEAD — AND THE BLIGHTER ESCAPED.

I THOUGHT AT FIRST IT WAS STAFFORD — BUT THE GUY WAS A COMPLETE STRANGER TO ME. HERE, LET'S EXAMINE THE CAR, AND SEE IF WE CAN FIND OUT WHAT THAT FELLOW WAS UP TO.

THE PALS MADE A CLOSE INSPECTION OF THE SUPERB RACING CAR VIC STAFFORD DROVE FOR PUMAS. SUDDENLY, FLOYD SPOTTED SOMETHING!
THAT'S QUEER! I'VE FOUND A PACKET OF CIGARETTES ON THE SEAT. I'M SURE IT WASN'T HERE WHEN I PUT THE CAR AWAY EARLIER ON!
LET ME LOOK! IT MUST HAVE BEEN LEFT BY THE INTRUDER!

AS JEFF CAREFULLY EMPTIED THE PACKET, A PIECE OF PAPER SLIPPED OUT WITH THE CIGARETTES...
BY THUNDER! THAT GUY MUST HAVE LEFT THIS MESSAGE FOR STAFFORD TO FIND! THIS PROVES HE'S PLAYING SOME SHADY GAME!
URGENT - REPORT TO ME 9.30 P.M. FRIDAY. 'D' WITHOUT FAIL

HOLD IT, JEFF! THE MESSAGE MAY LOOK SUSPICIOUS, BUT IT DOESN'T PROVE THAT STAFFORD'S A TRAITOR. YOU CAN'T EVEN BE CERTAIN IT'S MEANT FOR HIM.

THAT'S TRUE, BUT WE CAN SOON PROVE IT BY LAYING A TRAP!

JEFF RETURNED THE MESSAGE AND CIGARETTES TO THE PACKET---

WE'LL LEAVE IT JUST WHERE WE FOUND IT. IT'S FRIDAY TO-MORROW, SO IF THE MESSAGE IS MEANT FOR STAFFORD, HE'S BOUND TO CARRY OUT THE INSTRUCTIONS!

THE PALS SLIPPED BACK QUIETLY TO THE CARAVAN.

TO-MORROW, I'LL WATCH STAFFORD'S EVERY MOVE. IF HE TRIES TO SLIP OFF TO KEEP THAT MYSTERIOUS APPOINTMENT, I'LL FOLLOW. I'M DETERMINED TO FIND OUT WHAT THAT NOTE MEANS.

NEXT MORNING THE TWO PUMA RACERS WERE CAREFULLY CHECKED IN PREPARATION FOR THE ANZON DERBY, THE BIG RACE TO BE HELD ON THE FOLLOWING DAY.

LATER, ED BREDON, THE BOSS OF PUMA MOTORS, CALLED TO SEE HIS TWO DRIVERS, JEFF AND VIC STAFFORD...

I DON'T NEED TO TELL YOU WE'VE GOT TO WIN TO-MORROW. THE PRIZE-MONEY IS VITAL TO US, IF WE'RE TO KEEP PUMAS FROM GOING BROKE.

SURE, I UNDERSTAND, BOSS!

YOU CAN RELY ON ME, MR. BREDON!

NOTHING ELSE HAPPENED UNTIL LATE THAT EVENING, WHEN JEFF AND FLOYD SAW STAFFORD HURRY TO HIS OWN PRIVATE CAR. HE HAD FOUND THE HIDDEN MESSAGE AND WAS OFF TO MEET THE MYSTERIOUS SENDER.

MINUTES LATER—

I'LL TAIL STAFFORD WHEREVER HE GOES—SO WE'LL SOON KNOW WHETHER HE'S A TRAITOR OR NOT!

GOOD LUCK, JEFF! BUT FOR PETE'S SAKE BE CAREFUL!

SKILFULLY USING OTHER TRAFFIC AS COVER, JEFF FOLLOWED THE SPEEDING CAR FOR SOME MILES. THEN, SUDDENLY, STAFFORD STOPPED!

HOWLING BOBCATS! THAT'S THE NERO WORKS--OUR MOST POWERFUL RIVALS!

NERO AUTOS

BY GOSH! STAFFORD MUST BE IN LEAGUE WITH NEROS! HE IS A TRAITOR! BUT I'VE GOT TO PROVE IT—AND I MUST DO IT BEFORE THE BIG RACE TO-MORROW!

IN NEXT WEEK'S SMASH—JEFF LANDS IN TROUBLE!

The TWERPS
DOWN IN FATTY'S MOUTH...
BRRRR! IT'S BLOWING A GALE IN HERE! I'M F-FROZEN STIFF!
THE FAT TWERP MUST BE BREATHING THROUGH HIS MOUTH AGAIN!
IF HE KEEPS THIS UP WE'LL ALL DIE FROM TREBLE PNEUMONIA!!!
CHATTER
MEET FRED MOUTH NERV...
I KNOW WHAT IT IS—HIS NOSE MUST BE BLOCKED AND THOSE LAZY TWERPS IN THE NOSE DEPT ARE TOO LAZY TO CLEAR IT!!!
FROZEN SOLID!
I'M NOT GOING TO FREEZE TO DEATH—I'LL GO AND CLEAR THAT NOSE MYSELF!
IT'S ALL PLAY AND NO WORK UP IN FATTY'S NOSE THESE DAYS!!!
NOSEY PARKING
TOILET
YAHOO! TARZAN! THANK GOODNESS OLD FATGUTS DOESN'T SHAVE THE HAIRS IN HIS NOSE!!
THAT WAS A JOLLY LITTLE TRIP ROUND FATTY'S ELBOW!
YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR A GAME OF CONKERS CHARLIE.
SUFFERING SNITCHES! THAT SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE WORKING!!
SCREECH
GRRRRRR...
BRRRRRRRRRRRRR
DRRRRRRRRRRRR
HELP! IT'S THAT TWERP, FRED, FROM THE MOUTH DEPT! WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?
BRRRRRRRRRRRR
WE CAN'T PLAY CONKERS WITH THAT ROW GOING ON!!!!
GRR! I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THIS BLOCKAGE OR WE'LL FREEZE TO DEATH DOWN BELOW. AND IF YOU TWERPS WON'T DO IT, I WILL!!
KLUNK
ROTTEN MOUTH TWIT! YOU'VE SPOILED ALL OUR FUN!
WAAH! YOU ROTTEN TWERPS! I WAS ONLY DOING YOUR WORK FOR YOU!!!
SNORT
SNUFFLE
DO-OH! I'VE DOT A CODE IN ME NODE, MUM!!!
GLUG!
IRON TONIC
GLUG!
GLUG!
YOU'RE ALWAYS GETTING COLDS THESE DAYS. BUT THERE'S NOTHING LIKE TONIC FOR BUILDING YOU UP!
IN FATTY'S MOUTH DEPT...
HA HA
YEOW! GOOD OLD RUMBLEGUTS! HE'S TAKING SOME IRON TONIC! I'LL FIX THOSE TWERPS IN THE NOSE DEPT NOW!
CLINK
LUVERLY, LUVERLY! THERE'S A LOAD OF IRON IN THIS LOT! FOR ONCE FATTY'S DONE SOMETHING RIGHT IN HIS MISERABLE LITTLE LIFE!
CLANK
NOSE DEPT
CHARGE! SIR MUNCHALOT TO THE RESCUE! STEP ASIDE, YE FLEABITTEN VARLETS OR I'LL PIN YE BY THE EARS! HEH—HEH!
AAAGH! THAT'S FRED MOUTH NERV! HE'S BACK!
WHERE DID HE GET THAT LOT? THIS IS NOSE BRIDGE, NOT KNIGHTS BRIDGE!

?!
KDUNK
H'MMM! IT'S GONE RIGHT THROUGH THE BLOCKAGE, BUT THERE STILL ISN'T MUCH AIR COMING IN! I'LL HAVE TO KNOCK A FEW MORE HOLES IN THE STUFF
HEH! NEH! HE'S HOPPED IT TO INVESTIGATE DOWN A POREHOLE! — I'LL PUT THE LID ON HIS LITTLE GAME!
?!
BAH! I'M TRAPPED DOWN HERE! WHAT CAN I DO NOW?
BACK TO OLD FATTY!
COR! THAT IRON TONIC'S WORKING, MUM! I CAN BREATHE A BIT THROUGH MY NOSE NOW!
FRESH AIR
SNIFF! SNIFF!
BUT THAT WASN'T MEANT TO CLEAR YOUR NOSE, IT WAS ONLY TO BUILD YOU UP!!!
SNIFF
SNIFF
SQUEEZE
IF IT'S CLEARING YOU'D BETTER HAVE A SNIFF AT THIS INHALER. IT MIGHT CLEAR UP THE WHOLE LOT!
AAAGH! WHAT'S THAT STUFF? WHERE DID IT COME FROM??
IT SMELLS 'ORRIBLE! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!!!
GASP!
GASP! GASP! IT'S GOT ME!!
GASP! GASP! I'M DONE FOR!
WHO DIDN'T CHANGE THEIR SOCKS LAST WEEK??!! GASP!
BUMP!
THUMP!
CRASH!*
BUMP
THUD
CRASH
GOLLY! WHAT GOES ON UP THERE? I'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK!
COR! WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT!! SOMEONE'S GONE AND BASHED THE NOSE TWERPS FOR ME! I WON'T HAVE TO DO IT MYSELF!!
CLOOP
BURBLE BURBLE
GASP
WON'T BE LONG IN HAVING IT ALL CLEARED NOW. THESE CLOTS COULDN'T KNOCK THE SKIN OFF A RICE PUDDING!
GRRRRR
BRRRRRR
RIGHT, FATTY — YOU CAN START BREATHING THROUGH YOUR NOSE AGAIN. IT'S AS CLEAN AS A WHISTLE NOW!
I'LL TAKE THIS LOT DOWN TO THE WAIST DEPT — MIGHT GET A COUPLE OF BOB FOR IT!!
YAHOO! I CAN BREATHE THROUGH MY SNITCH AGAIN!!
SNIFF
SNIFF
WISH HE'D EAT THROUGH IT — HE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO PACK AS MUCH INTO HIS NOSTRILS AS HE DOES INTO HIS CAKEHOLE!
IN THE MOUTH DEPT...
AAAAAH! ALL WARM AND COSY AGAIN! BLISS!
NO MORE HORRIBLE DRAUGHTS! HIS CHOMPERS ARE SHUT TILL NOSHING TIME! SIGH!
HEH! HEH! I AWARD YOU THE C.D.M. FOR CLOSING DRAUGHTY MOUTHS!

THE MIGHTY THOR
BACK, CREATURE OF DARKNESS... BACK TO THE STYGIAN SHADOWS FROM WHENCE THOU CAME!
NAY, FAIR SIF! THY SWORD CANNOT PREVAIL AGAINST ONE SUCH AS HE!
MY SWORD STRIKES FOR ASGARD!! IT SHALL NEVER BE STILLED!
TRY THOUGH I MAY... I CANNOT GET WITHIN STRIKING DISTANCE... I CANNOT REACH MY FOE!
HIS BLUDGEON IS TOO SWIFT... TOO LARGE!
THEN IT SHALL BE BLUDGEON NO MORE!
THE TIME IS PAST FOR WAITING!! NOW MUST BALDER STRIKE!
ON EARTH, THOR HAS RESUMED HIS IDENTITY OF DON BLAKE, AFTER DEFEATING THE SUPER SKRULL. BUT BALDER AND SIF, THOR'S MOST LOYAL COMPANIONS, ARE ON A MISSION TO THE DREADED LAND OF RINGSFJORD, SEARCHING FOR THE EVIL ENCHANTERS. SUDDENLY, THEY ARE ATTACKED BY THE LIVING TALISMAN, A SERVANT OF THE ENCHANTERS! NOW, THE BATTLE IS JOINED.....
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1967
THOU HAST SHATTERED MY BLUDGEON!
THUS, I MUST CRUSH THEE.. BY THE WEIGHT OF MY BODY.. THE STRENGTH OF MY LIMBS!
BRAVE ONE... DO NOT DESPAIR! SIF SHALL STRIKE AGAIN!
NAY, WOMAN!! STAND THEE BACK!!
FOR ASGARD... AND HONOUR ETERNAL!

BALDER!! THOU HAST BESTED HIM... WITH BUT A SINGLE BLOW!
SEE HOW HE VANISHES.. IN BUT A SUDDEN FLASH!
AY, THOUGH THE WORST IS YET TO BE...!
NOW THE ENCHANTERS MOST SURELY WILL APPEAR!

THY WORDS ARE PROPHETIC, MAN OF ASGARD!
UPON YON HILLTOP.. 'TIS THEY!
BUT, BY MY BLADE... NO FURTHER SHALL THEY COME!

TWO SUCH AS THEE CANNOT STOP US... FOR WE DO WEAR THE LIVING TALISMEN!
KNOW YOU THAT I BE MAGNIR... IN COMPANY WITH MY FELLOWS, FORSUNG ... AND BRONA!!
REMEMBER THOSE NAMES AND TREMBLE, ASGARDIAN ... FOR WE ARE THE THREE WHO SOON SHALL HUMBLE ODIN HIMSELF!
FOR COUNTLESS AGES, WE HAVE BEEN CONTENT TO RULE OUR OWN DOMAIN.. BUT, WE BE CONTENT NO LONGER!
WE THREE, WHO WEAR THE LIVING TALISMEN, POSSESS POWER BEYOND MEASURE... POWER ENOW TO CONQUER ALL WHO LIVE!
FOR OURS IS THE LIMITLESS POWER OF..THE ENCHANTERS!
WHY WASTE WE WORDS ON SUCH AS THEY?
WE CAN DESTROY THEM WITH A WORD... WITH THE SLIGHTEST GLANCE...!

BRONA SPEAKS TRUE!
IT WILL REQUIRE BUT THE MEREST FRACTION OF OUR POWER TO DO THE DEED!
LET THERE BE AN END TO THIS!
LET IT THEN BE DONE!
BRONA WEARIES OF YON USELESS PRATTLE!
THOU HATH HEARD THY SENTENCE! NOW PERISH, ASGARDIANS!

THE GROUND UPON WHICH WE STAND...IT HATH TURNED TO THICKENING QUICKSAND!!
AT LAST HATH BALDER FOUND A FOE TO WHOM HIS BLADE DOTH HAVE NO MEANING!
IT DRAGS US HELPLESSLY TO OUR DOOM!
MAIDEN.. SEIZE MY SHOULDER! I SHALL SUPPORT THEE..TO THE END!
NAY, BRAVE ONE! 'TIS USELESS THUS!
DO MINE EARS DECEIVE ME?? HATH THE STEADFAST SIF ABANDONED HOPE??

NAY, MOST LOYAL BALDER!!
I DO BUT PLAN FOR OUR ESCAPE.. THROUGH USE OF MINE OWN SPECIAL POWER!
OF COURSE!! THY DIVINE RIGHT, AS GODDESS BORN...
THE POWER TO BYPASS TIME, AND SPACE!!
NOW..WITH MY FINGERS TOUCHING THINE.. BENEATH THE THICKENING FOG...

WE SHALL BEGONE!!

FASTER THAN MORTAL MIND CAN COMPREHEND...FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF THOUGHT ITSELF... TWO GALLANT FIGURES PIERCE THE FABRIC OF INFINITY AS THEY HURTLE TOWARDS...

AND, EVEN AS THE TWO IMMORTALS SPEAK...
HONK! OOOGA! HONK!
HOW CAN A MAN DO ANY WORK WITH ALL THAT HORN-HONKING OUTSIDE?!

MIDGARD! KNOWN TO THE HUMANS AS PLANET EARTH!
HERE WE SHALL FIND SAFETY... FOR THE PRESENT!
THY COURAGE ...AND THY SKILL HAVE SAVED US, FAIR ONE!
AND THOU HAST BROUGHT US TO THE PLACE WHERE DWELLS MIGHTY THOR!

WE MUST FIND HIM, BALDER..!
FOR, WHILST THE ENCHANTERS LIVE... WE MOST SORELY NEED HIS STRENGTH, HIS WISDOM... HIS KNOWLEDGE!
AY, MY LADY!
BUT, HERE AMONGST THE HUMANS, HE DOTH DWELL IN SECRET MORTAL GUISE!
'TWILL BE EASIER BY FAR FOR HIM TO LOCATE US!

BEEP! HONK!
IT LOOKS LIKE SOME SORT OF MASSIVE TRAFFIC JAM!
BUT I CAN'T SEE WHAT'S CAUSING IT FROM HERE!
WELL, NO MATTER! I'LL JUST CLOSE THE WINDOW AND GET BACK TO MY MICROSCOPE!

BUT, HAD DON BLAKE THE VISION OF HEIMDALL, HE WOULD HAVE SEEN, IN THE STREET BELOW...
'TIS IMPERATIVE THAT THOU DIRECT US TO THOR, GOD OF THUNDER!
LOOK, MAC...FOR THE LAST TIME...I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE HANGS CUT!
AND YOU TWO CAN'T STAND AROUND HERE BLOCKIN' TRAFFIC THIS WAY!!
FORBUSH TRUCKING Co.
IF THOR BE NOT SOON FOUND, THOU SHALT HAVE WORSE THAN WE TO CONTEND WITH!

SAY! COME TO THINK OF IT, THERE IS A DR. BLAKE NEARBY!
HE'S MANAGED TO GET IN TOUCH WITH THAT LONG-HAIRED HAMMER-TOSSER FOR THE DEPARTMENT BEFORE!
THEN YOU MUST TAKE US TO HIM... WHILE THERE IS STILL TIME!

SURE, LADY.. SURE!
I'LL TAKE YOU ANYWHERE IF IT'LL GET THINGS BACK TO NORMAL ON MY BEAT AGAIN!
EVEN IF THE DOC CAN'T TELL YOU WHERE TO FIND THOR, MEBBE HE CAN RECOMMEND A GOOD HEAD-SHRINKER FOR THE TWO OF YA!
WHAT? DOST THOU THINK US MAD?
WALKIN' AROUND TOWN IN GET-UPS LIKE THAT?
PERISH FORBID!

WHILE, BACK AT THE SOMBRE LAND OF RINGSFJORD...
THEY HAVE DONE AS THE LIVING TALISMEN PREDICTED!
THEY HAVE FLED...TO FIND THE THUNDER GOD...AND ENLIST HIS SUPPORT!
LET US THEN PROCEED, ACCORDING TO PLAN...!

BRONA AND I SHALL FOLLOW THEM... SO THAT ALL THREE MAY BE DESTROYED!
WHILST I SET FORTH FOR ASSGARD... THERE TO VANQUISH ODIN!
HAVE A CARE, FORSUNG, THOU ART BUT ONE!
AY! BUT AM I NOT AN ENCHANTER?!!
BY THE POWER OF THE LIVING TALISMEN... LET THE FRIGID FIRE NOW CONSUME US!
TO EARTH THEN, MAGNIR... AND THE DEATH OF THOR!
A MICROSECOND LATER.. WHERE THE TWO SINISTER FIGURES HAD STOOD, NAUGHT NOW REMAINS BUT THE SLOWLY FADING IMPRESSION OF SMOULDERING FOOTPRINTS...
AND, IN THE EARTHLY OFFICE OF A CERTAIN LAME PHYSICIAN...
WE SEEK MIGHTY THOR, SON OF ODIN!
KNOW YOU HIS WHEREABOUTS, MORTAL?
BALDER!! AND.. SIF!! BUT... WHY ARE YOU HERE??
THOU DOST KNOW US? SURELY, 'TIS MOST PASSING STRANGE!
STAND BACK... AND YOU'LL SEE WHY I KNOW YOU BOTH..!
FTOOOW!
"TIS YOU, MY LORD! WE HAVE FOUND THE THUNDER GOD!
MY HEART IS GLADDENED AT THE VERY SIGHT OF THEE!
FOR THOU ART THO WHOM I HOLD MOST DEAR!
TAKE HEED, MIGHTY ONE!
WE HAVE COME TO WARN THEE... OF DANGER MOST DEADLY!
NOW, THE ENCHANTERS PREPARE TO STRIKE!!
THE ENCHANTERS!!
POSSESSORS OF THE LIVING TALISMEN!! MOST EVIL... MOST POWERFUL OF ALL LIVING FOES!
BUT, THOUGH THEY BE A MATCH FOR ODIN HIMSELF... WE SHALL PREVAIL!
MY LORD!! ONLY NOW... STANDING IN THY PRESENCE.. DO I FEEL VICTORY MAY YET BE OURS!
THUS SPEAKS THOR!!
TRULY, THOU ART NOBLEST.. THOU ART MIGHTIEST... AND MOST GALLANT OF ALL WHO LIVE!
WHILST HUMBLE BALDER... IS NOW... FORGOT!
THOUGH THEY BE TOO GENEROUS BY FAR, THY WORDS DO SURELY WARM MY HEART!
BUT WHAT OF THEE, LOYAL BALDER? WHY STANDEST THOU SO SILENT?
HAST THOU NO RALLYING CRY UPON THIS EVE OF BATTLE?
NAY, THUNDER GOD! I HAVE MUCH TO THINK UPON!
AND, AS NOBLE BALDER GAZES SOMBRELY AHEAD, TWO FLASHING OBJECTS STREAK THROUGH THE SKY...
...FINALLY LANDING, AND RESHAPING THEMSELVES INTO THE AWESOME FIGURES OF.. THE ENCHANTERS!!
NEXT WEEK:
"THIS BATTLEGROUND EARTH!"

CURSE OF THE TOMB

YOUR POW! SHORT STORY

PROFESSOR GRIFFIN, THE WORLD-FAMOUS EGYPTOLOGIST, AND HIS ASSISTANT, JIM BRADY, ARE IN EGYPT TO INVESTIGATE THE NEWLY DISCOVERED TOMB OF TUTEN-DASAI BUT...

I AM DOCTOR HALLAL AND I, TOO, AM HERE TO STUDY THE TOMB... PERHAPS WE COULD JOIN FORCES, PROFESSOR GRIFFIN?

I HAVE NO OBJECTIONS... HAVE YOU, JIM?

NO, GLAD TO HAVE YOU ABOARD, DOC...

BUT I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF HIM...

WE'VE NOT BEEN ABLE TO GET MUCH LOCAL HELP... EVERYONE SEEMS AFRAID OF STRANGE THINGS THAT HAPPEN IN THE TOMB AT NIGHT. SEEMS THERE'S SOME SORT OF CURSE ON THE PLACE...

PROBABLY NOTHING MORE THAN A RUMOUR. THE PEOPLE IN THIS REGION ARE VERY SUPERSTITIOUS.

THE TOMB IS VERY NEAR PROFESSOR GRIFFIN'S CAMP...

THE TOMB WAS FOUND ACCIDENTALLY BY WORKMEN... IT'S LIKELY THAT WE ARE THE FIRST TO PENETRATE IT FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS...

THAT'S A LOT OF YEARS, PROF!

ENTERING THE TOMB, THEY SEEM TO STEP BACK INTO TIME ITSELF...

KINDA GIVES YOU THE CREEPS, EH, PROF? NOW I KNOW WHY THE NATIVES THINK THERE'S A CURSE!

I'M GOING TO EXPLORE THIS RECESS...

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHICS... POSSIBLY DATING BACK TO 5000 B.C.... DIFFICULT TO TRANSLATE... 'DEATH TO HE WHO SHALL DESECRATE THE TOMB OF TUTEN-DASAI'...

SUDDENLY...

WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?

IT ALSO SAYS THIS IS A ROYAL TOMB, JIM..' QUEEN FERETTI OF...' I CAN'T QUITE MAKE OUT THE REST...

PROFESSOR—LOOK OUT!

THE TWO-TON SLAB OF STONE MISSES THEM BY A HAIR'S-BREADTH!

THANKS, JIM... YOU... YOU SAVED MY LIFE!

CLOSE CALL, PROF! BUT—LOOK! THE STATUE'S BEEN DAMAGED!

THEY ARE JOINED BY DR HALLAL...

I WAS EXPLORING ANOTHER TUNNEL WHEN I HEARD A CRASH... WHAT HAPPENED, MY FRIENDS?

THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED, PAL! A TWO-TON SLAB OF ROCK WHICH ALMOST SENT PROFESSOR GRIFFIN TO KINGDOM COME!

I WONDER WHAT COULD HAVE DISLODGED SUCH A LARGE STONE?

LATER THAT NIGHT, AT PROF. GRIFFIN'S CAMP...

COULD THERE BE SOMETHING IN THAT CURSE, AFTER ALL?

STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN IN EGYPT, MY FRIENDS!

THAT WAS NO CURSE, PROF! WHATEVER MOVED THAT STONE SLAB WAS FLESH AND BLOOD!

DO NOT BE TOO SURE, JIM. SOME ARCHAEOLOGISTS HAVE RUN INTO THIS SORT OF THING BEFORE... AND WITH AN EGYPTIAN TOMB... YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT COULD HAPPEN!

THE NEXT DAY THEY RETURN TO THE ILL-FATED TOMB...
WE MUST GET INTO THE ACTUAL BURIAL CHAMBER ITSELF... THAT'S WHERE THE SARCOPHAGUS WILL BE, JIM! QUEEN FERETTI'S COFFIN...
EXACTLY, PROFESSOR GRIFFIN... BUT HOW DO WE GET IN?
THEN SUDDENLY...
QUICK, PROFESSOR! I'VE FOUND SOMETHING... A KIND OF LEVER. MUST HAVE BEEN DISLODGED WHEN THE STONE SLAB STRUCK THE IDOL'S HEAD!
GOOD WORK, JIM! IT'S A DEVICE THE EGYPTIANS USED THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO. WHEN PULLED IT RELEASES TONS OF SAND INSIDE THE WALLS OF THE TOMB. THE SAND BUILDS UP WEIGHT... AND GRADUALLY FORCES THE WALL OPEN...
AND WHEN JIM PULLS THE LEVER...
OVER THERE— SOMETHING'S MOVING!
A SLIDING PANEL!
JIM... I THINK WE'VE FOUND WHAT WE WERE LOOKING FOR...
SOON THE HOLE IS LARGE ENOUGH FOR A MAN TO ENTER...
I'LL GO FIRST... IT COULD BE DANGEROUS!
AMAZING... THE BURIAL CHAMBER OF A QUEEN WHO LIVED THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO... AND WE ARE THE FIRST TO ENTER...
CAREFUL! IT LOOKS DANGEROUS!
INSIDE THE CHAMBER THE AIR IS DANK AND EERIE...
QUEEN FERETTI'S COFFIN! IT'S THE GREATEST HISTORICAL FIND OF MODERN TIMES!
THE CREDIT'S ALL YOURS, PROF!
BUT EVENTS TAKE A SUDDEN TWIST...
NOT SO FAST, MY FRIENDS! YOU WOULDN'T BE WARNED... EVEN WHEN I PUSHED THE STONE SLAB DOWN! BUT FOR YOUR INTERFERENCE, THIS DISCOVERY WOULD BE MINE!
I ALWAYS SUSPECTED HE WAS UP TO NO GOOD!
YOU? THE STONE SLAB...!
I'M NOT SHARING THIS DISCOVERY WITH ANYONE MY FRIENDS! WITH YOU TWO OUT OF THE WAY I SHALL BECOME WORLD FAMOUS!
LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU— THE MUMMY!
DO YOU THINK YOU CAN FOOL ME WITH AN OLD TRICK LIKE THAT?
THEN SOME SIXTH SENSE WARNS THE ORIENTAL... A SECOND TOO LATE...
AAAAAGH!
GOOD GRIEF! DO YOU REMEMBER THE WORDS OF THE INSCRIPTION, JIM... 'DEATH TO HE WHO SHALL DESECRATE THE TOMB OF TUTEN-OASAI...'
YOU MEAN WHEN HALLAL DAMAGED THE IDOL WITH THE STONE SLAB?...
HE DESECRATED THE TOMB... AND PERHAPS THE MUMMY WAS THE ANCIENT GUARDIAN OF THE TOMB...
IS IT JUST COINCIDENCE... OR THE CURSE OF THE TOMB? THE TWO EXPLORERS DECIDE TO LET THE SECRET REST WITHIN THE TOMB— WOULDN'T YOU?
THE END

AT NIGHT STALKS THE SPECTRE

THE WORLD BELIEVES NEWSPAPERMAN JIM JORDAN IS DEAD. BUT IN A SECRET H.Q. BENEATH HIS OWN MONUMENT, JIM CARRIES ON HIS FIGHT AGAINST CRIME... AS **THE SPECTRE.** SUDDENLY, IN ONE FATEFUL NIGHT, A FAMOUS ENGINEER DESTROYS THE GREAT BRIDGE HE HAS DESIGNED... THEN A PROMINENT ARCHITECT SETS FIRE TO A SKYSCRAPER HE HAS BUILT. THE SPECTRE LOWERS THE ARCHITECT TO SAFETY... BUT.....

THE BUILDING'S COLLAPSING!

THE SPECTRE GOT THAT POOR, CRAZED MAN DOWN JUST IN TIME!

BUT THE SPECTRE! HE'S STILL **UP THERE!**

THAT MEANS NOTHING... BECAUSE THE SPECTRE IS **A GHOST!** AND GHOSTS **CAN'T** DIE!

BUT INSIDE THE BLAZING BUILDING, JIM JORDAN, WHOM THE WORLD KNOWS AS THE SPECTRE, HAS ESCAPED DEATH BY INCHES...

I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF A WINDOW DOWN THERE. I'M SURE I DID! BUT I CAN'T SEE IT NOW BECAUSE OF THE SMOKE...

THEN A DRAUGHT OF HEAT EDDIES THE OBSCURING SMOKE, AND...

THERE IT IS!

NO ONE SEES THE SPECTRE CLIMB DOWN TO SAFETY...

WERE IT NOT FOR THE **SUCKER GRIPS** ON THESE SPECIAL GLOVES THE WORLD WOULD HAVE SEEN THE LAST OF **THE SPECTRE.**

WHAT DOES A GHOST DO WHEN HE'S CAUGHT IN A BLAZING BUILDING?... JUST SPIRIT HIMSELF AWAY, I SUPPOSE...!

THE ARCHITECT WHO SET FIRE TO HIS OWN CREATION LIES MOANING IN A NEARBY HOSPITAL.

POOR DEMENTED FELLOW! I CAN MAKE NO SENSE OF WHAT HE'S SAYING... THE SAME THING OVER AND OVER AGAIN... "IT IS THE WILL OF THE REVENGERS!"

PERHAPS SANITY WILL RETURN AFTER HE HAS RESTED. LOOK AFTER HIM, ORDERLY, WE'LL BE BACK IN A FEW MINUTES!

THE DOCTORS ARE NOT THE ONLY PERSONS PUZZLED BY THE PATIENT'S WORDS...

...THOSE WHO **CREATE** EVIL MUST **DESTROY** EVIL... IT IS THE WILL OF THE REVENGERS! THE REVENGERS...!

THE REVENGERS! THE OTHER MAN WHO BLEW UP THE BRIDGE **AND** HIMSELF SHOUTED THE SAME THING! BUT WHO AND WHAT **ARE** THE REVENGERS...?

MILES AWAY, DEEP IN A SUBTERRANEAN LAIR, IS THE ANSWER...

THE SKYSTAR BUILDING IS ABLAZE, VIRTUALLY DESTROYED! BUT ITS ARCHITECT STILL LIVES... EVEN THOUGH HE KNOWS IT IS THE WILL OF WE, THE REVENGERS... THAT **HE** MUST BE DESTROYED ALSO!

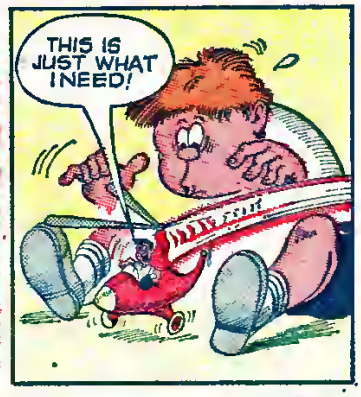
IT IS SO!

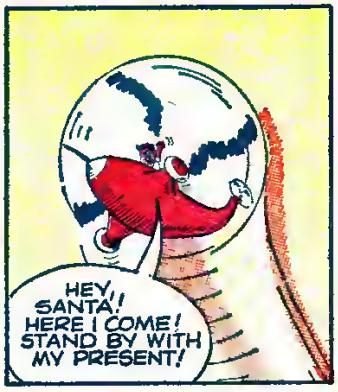
THIS IS THE WILL OF THE ***REVENGERS!***

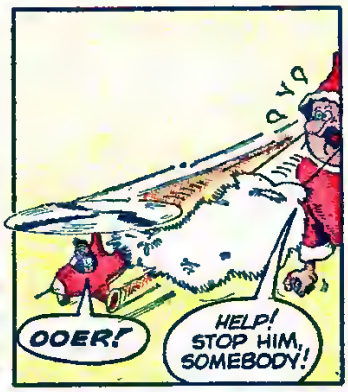
HE MUST DIE! WE SHALL TELL HIM AGAIN...THAT HIS DEATH IS THE WILL OF THE REVENGERS!
WITHIN SECONDS...
THE REVENGERS HAVE SPOKEN! THE WILL OF THE REVENGERS IS MY WILL...!
GIVE ME A HAND, DOCTOR! I CAN'T HOLD HIM DOWN...!
BUT...
AAAAAAAHHHHH!
NOTHING!... NO-ONE SHALL IMPEDE THE WILL OF THE REVENGERS!
STOP HIM BEFORE... UUUHHH!
THEN...
HE'S JUMPING THROUGH THE WINDOW!
WE'RE FOUR STOREYS HIGH! HE'LL BE KILLED!
FOR THE SECOND TIME, THE LIFE OF THE REVENGERS' VICTIM IS SAVED...BY THE SPECTRE...
NO! NO!
HE TRIED TO KILL HIMSELF! IT WAS AS IF HE WAS SUDDENLY TOLD TO KILL HIMSELF...!
I'VE BROKEN HIS FALL! HE'S NOT HIGH ENOUGH NOW TO HARM HIMSELF!
...AND THERE IS JUST A CHANCE THAT HE WILL LEAD ME TO THESE REVENGERS HE SPOKE ABOUT...!
BUT EVEN AS THE SPECTRE GIVES CHASE...
...STILL HE LIVES! YET I CAN SEE THAT OUR POWER OVER HIM IS UNBROKEN! BUT STILL HE LIVES!
HE MUST DIE! THAT IS THE WILL OF THE REVENGERS!...A WILL THAT MUST NOT BE DENIED!
SECONDS LATER...
I HEAR YOU!...AAAAAA... I HEAR YOUR WILL...! I SHALL OBEY...!
CAN I BE RIGHT? CAN IT POSSIBLY BE THAT HE IS IN COMMUNICATION WITH OTHERS... OR DOES HIS DERANGED MIND JUST FANCY THAT HE IS...?
SUDDENLY A NEARING RUMBLE DROWNS THE MAN'S CRIES...
I OBEY.. I OBEY...!
HE'S CLIMBING THE RAILS! AND A TRAIN IS APPROACHING!
BUT...
AAAAARRRRGHHH!
I...I'VE LOST HIM!
THE SPECTRE PAUSES FOR JUST A SPLIT-SECOND. THEN...
I LET HIM LOOSE IN THE STREETS! HE IS MY RESPONSIBILITY!... I MUST TRY TO SAVE HIM!
IS THE SPECTRE LEAPING TO HIS DOOM? ...OR WILL THE TRAIN CARRY HIM INTO EVEN GREATER ADVENTURE? BE HERE NEXT WEEK FOR THE AWESOME ANSWER!

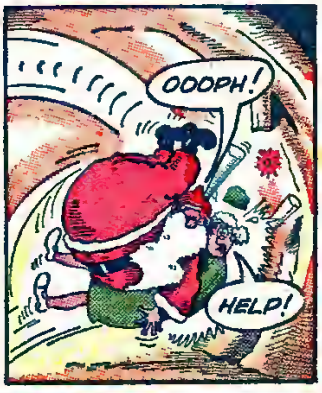
SAMMY SHRINK

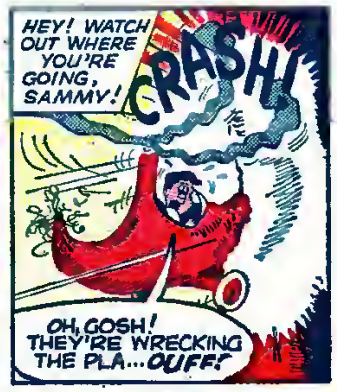
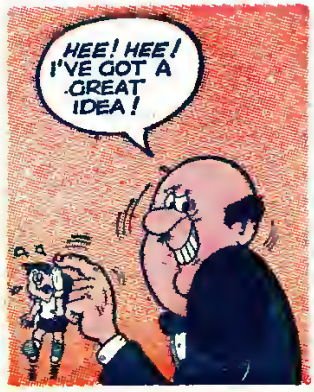
TO FATHER CHRISTMAS' GROTTO
WAY IN
PAY HERE 5/-
HURRY UP, MUM! I WANT TO COLLECT MY PRESENT.
I'LL PAY THE FIVE BOB SAMMY, THEN YOU GO IN ON YOUR OWN!











I'M OFF! I'VE SEEN ENOUGH OF KIDS TO LAST ME A WHOLE TWELVE MONTHS!
NOW WHO'S GOING TO GIVE OUT THE PRESENTS?
BOO HOO! ROTTER! YOU'VE SMASHED MY PRESENT!
MERRY CHRIST